

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

SEPT. 1964
SIXTY CENTS

a doctor's frank report:

**YOUR PSYCHOLOGY: THE KEY
TO A BETTER LOVE LIFE**

**HOW TO BE A SNOB AND
MAKE PEOPLE LIKE IT**

after the scandals:

**THE NEW FACE OF THE
LONDON SIN GIRLS**

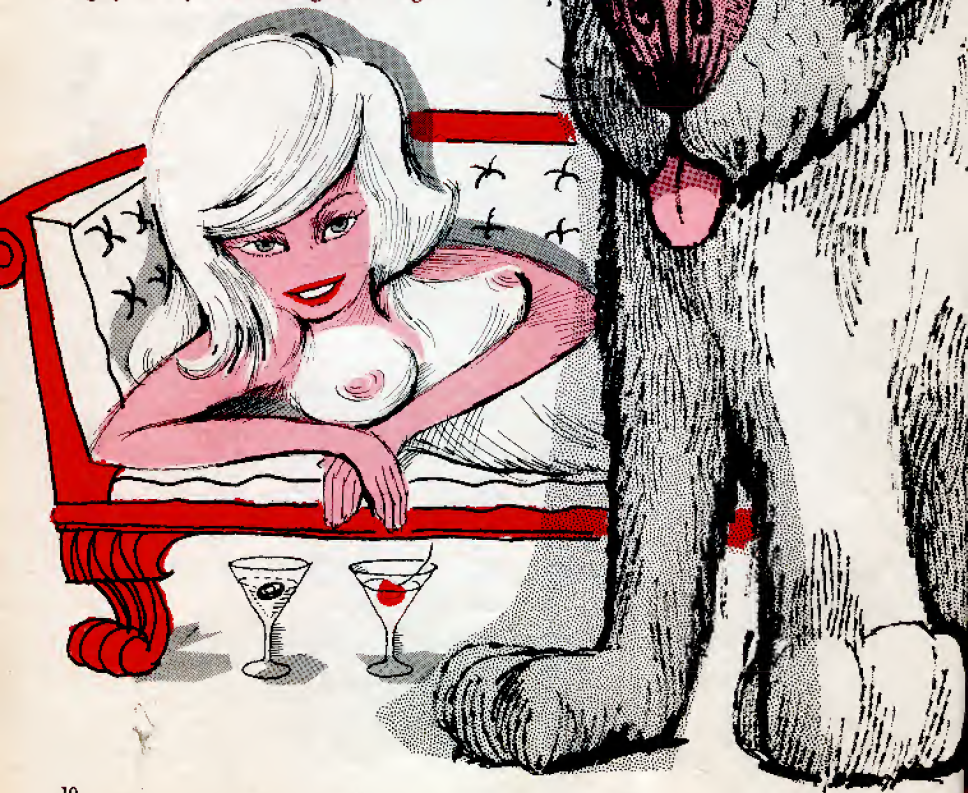
exclusive:

**BACKSTAGE AT A
BIKINI CONTEST**



Love, Honor and *Obie*

Cheramy had everything to drive
a guy crazy—including her dog!



THEY say that life is a give and take proposition and I believe this to be true. Me, I give and I'm taken. Especially by girls and most especially by my ex-girl, Cheramy Kelly. She is ex- as of last night for reasons that are neither cut nor dry. I mean, if I told you that Cheramy and I split up because she's always thinking about sex, what would you say?

If you're smart, you wouldn't say anything until I told you the rest of it: Cheramy is twenty-two, a year younger than me, Jason Golden, and she is so devastatingly adorable that it makes you wonder how she has managed to remain intact for so long.

By "intact" I mean that Cheramy is still a virgin. In other words, like I said, she's always thinking about sex, but she doesn't do anything about it.

Now what would you say?

I know—you'd say I should marry this chick, and that she has a perfect right to sustain and uphold one of nature's rarities in this deflorated day and age until I do—or somebody does. Well, I got news for you. My great Aunt Hattie used to shop at Kleins on 14th Street and she'd always say, "I wouldn't think of bringing anything home without trying it on. Just feeling the material ain't enough."

FICTION

BY STEVE SHAW

Well, buddy, I've felt this particular material from hem to stern, the whole beautiful bolt of it, all four square yards of it, the length and breadth of it; I've ruffled and smoothed the nap of it and I've viewed it from every angle and curve. I know this material. All of it that meets the eye. But, like that's it, and has been for, lo, these two long frustrating years. And, like Aunt Hattie says, it ain't enough.

For a long while I thought it was Obie's fault. As a matter of fact, it was, but only indirectly, his fault we each led a dog's life...

Look. I can see there's no point in giving you this thing in bits and pieces; I mean, why should we both be confused? Let's start at what, for want of a better term, we'll call the Beginning:

The Beginning for Cheramy and myself was a bikini made of sequins, Kleenex and trust, and it took place at a picnic on Saratoga Lake in upstate New York. A dozen of us seniors at Union College took out a dozen seniors from Skidmore College on this picnic, after having paired off via correspondence. I mean it was a half dozen blind dates at once. This sort of thing usually works out all right because unless a gal is willing to take what comes, she doesn't come along on a thing like that. You know?

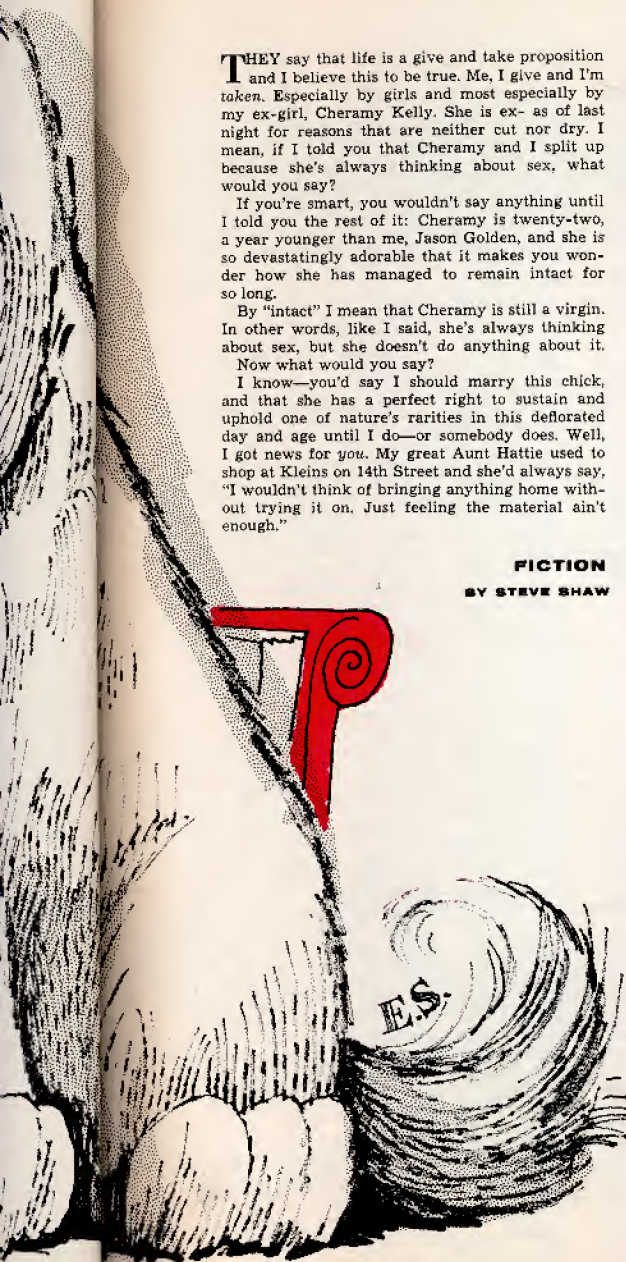
Well, it happened that Cheramy Kelly and I drew the same number and, just like that, my number was up! We spent the trip out getting acquainted. Then, at the beach, we got into our bathing suits right away. I'm sure the guards and beach cops were legally obliged to arrest Cheramy for indecent exposure, but you can't very well arrest anybody when you're out of breath, which is what those guys—and all of us—were at sight of Cheramy. Man, it was something fierce!

Later on, we split up and went our separate ways. Cheramy and I hired a boat and rowed over to Snake Hill, a woodsy place that has seen more assignments than a Borgia bedroom. At Union, the first advice a freshman gets is, "If you want a little assignment, go to Snake Hill."

You have to understand I figured I had it made. The way Cheramy was throwing her skin around in that bikini, and all, and the way she rubbed up against me when I was teaching her to swim—before I found out she had her Senior Red Cross Life-saver's ticket—well, how much of a hint does a guy need? And then—the thing that happened when we were going through the woods. Argh!

After we landed on Snake Hill, we started climbing up the path and presently were out of sight and sound of the entire world. And all the time we walked, I watched Cheramy's lissome figure up ahead with her little fanny jiggling and her hips wriggling as she skinned through the foliage like some dryad. It was all I could do to keep my hands off her. But I knew that I shouldn't scare her away by any premature action. Everything would come off in the proper time.

What came off was Cheramy's bra—and there was plenty of action, although not premature.



Couched in Laughter



'Offhand, I'd say you have a split personality.'



'I have a faculty for rubbing people the wrong way.'



'Know what I dream about? A closet I can call my own.'



'See? You were wrong. I'm not oversexed—I'm just a nymphomaniac.'



'I think I know what's wrong with you—you have a suicide complex.'



Hollywood and Those Jet Set Parties

A CANDID INTERVIEW WITH

TO THE political dinosaurs of three decades ago Franklin D. Roosevelt was a traitor to his class, his every attempt to better the lot of the have-nots gazed upon with suspicion, revulsion and downright loathing. Peter Howard (admittedly non-political and surely no FDR) finds himself in a similar position.

All because Peter prefers kicks to social stuffiness.

Since Peter Howard is less than a household name, it seems in order to identify him further. He is a seventh generation Californian, in itself something of a distinction, son of Lin Howard and Anita Vanderbilt, grandson of the late C. S. Howard, owner of Seabiscuit. Obviously a person with all the proper credentials, plus money, Peter rates as an authentic millionaire socialite. And without working for it.

Peter has nothing against work—for other people. He just prefers having fun. And much of his fun has resulted in big, black headlines in the press of the world. Now carving out a career for himself in the cinematic fleshpots of Hollywood, Peter claims that people are his hobby.

Some hobby.

In pursuit of this extra-curricular activity, Peter has formed opinions about one thing and another. Society, for example, toward which he functions as sort of a Devil's Advocate.

"Once," he said, giggling into a glass of iced scotch, "it had some meaning, some importance. Family and money and polo and all that. Now none of the old families have money, of course, and the new ones have no traditions. For a girl to become a debutante these days she only needs

a couple of hundred bucks and a pushy mother, mostly the latter, and she's generally an ex-call girl who married a hoodlum. And the closest most of these characters ever got to a polo pony was to buy horsemeat for dinner."

Of such observations, does one solidify one's social position (and others no less perceptive).

"Married?" The narrow face swings into amused action. The brows bunch and angle, the mouth arcs, the ears seem to take on a Mephistolean sharpness. "I've been engaged eleven times. Why in the world would I want to get married? I like women too much to do that to one of them. Besides, monogamy is so tiresome, a condition not for me."

To sit opposite Peter Howard and consider him becoming a movie star strains the imagination if one carries around images of such oversized brutes as John Wayne and Robert Mitchum. Howard stretches a full five foot seven and weighs in at a hefty one-thirty. His hair is mouse brown and his eyes whisky weary. Words tumble across his barely moving lips with a kind of shrill intensity as if time were running out.

"People keep remembering that party of mine," he complained to the remaining scotch in the glass. "A thing like that can spoil a man's image."

The party in question took place in Rome some years back, a quiet, modest little bash for a few intimate friends—about 150 of them. Double that number showed up at the cellar restaurant Peter had hired for the occasion. Booze flowed as freely as the Tiber and spirits soared and Rome's social lights mingled freely with the common herd.

"I invited some Roman royalty," Howard explained. "Eight Papal princes. And a few girls."

The girls were named Anita Ekberg, Anna Magnani and Linda Christian. Ekberg made what

SOCIALITE PETER HOWARD...

Fun and Frolic is the name of the game Peter Howard plays, and it's a game that more than one usually enjoys. Here he gives some eye-opening views of Jet Set life and the new type of Hollywood casting couch.

Having a Ball...



Above: Turkish belly dancer Kaish Nanah does an ad lib strip at Peter Howard's famous party in Rome, used as a basis for the strip scene in *La Dolce Vita* film. That's Howard watching at right, cigarette in hand. At same party Anita Ekberg added to festivities with spirited cha-cha (top right). Cops finally broke up the ball. Next day Nanah, at right, wondered at fuss in Roman papers while Howard kissed good-bye friend Countess Olghina of Robilant: He was banned from Rome for three years by police.

...After the Ball Was Over



See next page

A CANDID INTERVIEW WITH SOCIALITE PETER HOWARD

Howard described as a rather unfortunate entrance: she fell down the stairs.

"The papparazzi began taking pictures and from that moment on things seemed to happen. Anita decided to dance and kicked off her shoes and did the cha-cha-cha. Anita dancing is bound to stimulate some people. Then Elsa Martinelli showed up. Oh, it was a grand party.

"Then a girl named Kaish Nanah climbed up on the bandstand and began to dance. She reminded me of Popeye's girlfriend Olive Oil. She turned out to be a Turkish belly dancer and so naturally things began to happen. Like her dress started to fall apart, actually fall apart. After a moment or two, nobody paid much attention to the fact that she looked like Olive Oil. She was wearing only stockings and bikinis. It was something to consider. More things continued to happen until finally the police arrived. I invited them to have a drink but you know how stuffy policemen can be when they want to.

"The result was I was banned from Italy for three years. Who else can make that claim?"

A difficult question to answer. I

turned the conversation to more pertinent matters: Life in Hollywood.

"Nobody in his right mind would live in Hollywood," Peter adding ice to a fresh supply of scotch, pointed out petulantly. "I live there now because I'm so serious about becoming an actor. Why shouldn't I be called an actor? Tab Hunter is called one. I live in a Japanese house which I've decorated simply and inexpensively." The walls are hung with some Roualts, a few Picassos, and other trifles. Sharing these unpretentious digs are a Siamese cat, an English pug and a housekeeper with the fine name of Marvel Countess. "She is tattooed and once worked the towel concession at some kind of a house or other." His eyes almost lit up. "Who else has a maid like that?"

That required some thought.

"The women in Hollywood are unbelievable," said Peter, now featured in a movie titled *Three Nuts In Search of a Bolt*. "I mean they are not to be believed. The most Narcissistic bunch I've ever come across. If each of them had a twin, sister she'd love to sleep with her. But there are modifications. Differ-

ent types. For example, there's the language type, who tosses around phrases in French or Italian, bad French or bad Italian, of course. They go to Berlitz and study travel folders and plan trips they never take. Then there's the numerology types, the astrology types, the Yoga types and the moral re-armament types. It seems to me that you have to be a little decadent to get re-armed."

I'd never thought of it quite that way. I decided to pursue the subject but Peter had veered to the casting couch.

"Yes," I urged.

"Everything's turned around nowadays."

"How so?"

"Once when a producer interviewed a girl she knew she was in trouble if she didn't have pretty legs and a friendly attitude. But now I get the feeling that too few people are interested in girls in showbusiness. Take the Broadway stage."

I was more than willing.

"Is there a playwright who does not lean toward the company of boys rather than girls? I mean, all those plays about horrible, man-eating women and (Continued on page 64)



A true blue-blood of the old school (his father was a Vanderbilt, grandfather Howard owned Seabiscuit) and a millionaire in his own right, Howard is a raconteur, a bon vivant, and a most eligible bachelor who has been engaged eleven times, married never. The good life he leads inevitably included females. Here he's shown (left) at a Paris ball with Maggy Nohan and at El Morocco with Arum Sani, now an ex-fiancee. His latest kick: Acting in Hollywood.

Backstage at a Bikini Contest



So you think you're a great judge of beauty and potential talent? Then here's your chance to match wits and whistles with the professional judges. Look at this line-up of finalists in a recent California bikini contest, see if you can pick out the winner, then turn the page and compare your choice with the actual winner. No peeking!

THOUGH it's no secret that Hollywood is filled to overflowing with beauty contest queens bent on breaking into the movies and television, the fact is there is still a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow for a few fortunate beauties who make the grade. The odds are so tough to beat no self-respecting horse player, for example, would even bet a phony two-dollar bill on anybody's chances, but the payoff in this glamor sweepstakes is high enough to keep the gals coming every year. This past spring a new, precise path to that proverbial pot of gold was opened—a bikini beauty contest run by a movie company for the particular purpose of discovering new beauty and talent. Almost needless to say the first contest was swamped with

See next page



Here's runner up Sue Blanding (above), from San Diego; she's a professional model, has done no acting. At left Janine Milgrim winks as she waits to be judged, and sure enough (below) confident Janine walks off with top honors!



Lucky—and talented—Janine won out over some great competition, like the two gals at left. No. 15, Susan Devon, just missed the number two spot, but she says she'll be back again next year for another try. Thrilled speechless, meanwhile, Janine (above) holds her trophy. She's a 5'6", 36-23-35, 19-year-old champion.

contestants. Run by Hollywood's Four-Crown Productions in Palm Springs, at a dude ranch owned by one of the producers, the contest brought in beauties not only from nearby Hollywood and Las Vegas, but, as word got around, from as far away as New York. Entrants were judged on more than mere superficial beauty—though this weighed heavily—but on their potential as future motion picture boxoffice attractions.

First prize in the contest was a part in Four-Crown's next production. In addition, winner and runner-up are being sent to school for training in dancing, acting and voice. Disappointed losers were invited to try again next year along with all the new talent sure to apply, for the company is so pleased with its first talent hunt results it plans to make an annual affair of the contest. So get the bikinis—and your dreams—out of mothballs, girls, there still is a Santa Claus! ●



The contestants' posh dressing room was a harem of beauty; the girls competed with a spirit of friendly cooperation—many of them knew each other and had worked together around the Hollywood area.



WHEN A FELLA NEEDS A LIFT it's nice to have a bikini-clad beauty handy to offer a boost... otherwise, try a visit with the glamorous galaxy of gals who grace the pages inside this issue of ACE.



A Little Black Book

FICTION BY
HARRY ROSKOLENKO

*She was just
a poor artist
from Munich,
and her father
was once a
very big Nazi
... but all the
Allies were now
her friends.*

SHE was stolid, yet soft; brown-eyed and bleached blond. The German in her was pronounced after a minute's conversation at *La Coupole*, the cafe that had, before the war, been my favorite rendezvous in Paris to meet artists. And she was an artist, she explained . . . "My lovely, lush water colors. They are happy like big rainbows. You have seen a rainbow in the summer, no?"

"Cognac, Fraulein . . . ?"

"My name is Suzanne Baully. I am from Munich. Yes, Cognac please."

I ordered as she continued talking . . . "And I have many oils, too. You know, like impressionism. That is fine art, no? I like clean art—very big impressions. It is better for the eyes and for the heart, no?"

"Without doubt, Fraulein Baully. Perhaps you can show me your water colors and your oils sometime?"

"Are you a buyer, a collector? Would you like to see them tonight?"

I was in Paris again, alert to all the frantic possibilities of time, pressure, art and women—and it was my first visit since the war. Despite that, I was attuned immediately. We were soon walking to her studio, going by many remembered exotic streets, with their bistros, bookstores and galleries.

At Rue St. Jacques, we turned. Up two flights we went, the electric press-button light lasting until we reached the top. When the light went out, she swore in German—and it was hardly polite. Soon she found her keys and we were in her studio, a tight room with many windows. A tailor's dummy, etched with pins and needles, stood by the window at the left; an easel, much stained, was in the dead center; a black leotard and red dancing slippers lay on a chair, much as if she had just finished a ballet lesson—and then came the inevitable bottle of red wine, with the cork half out—and two dirty glasses. It was like a still life, in part, arranged by her for some Parisian effects; and it made up, with many paperback books on art, and recent German history, literally all of her belongings. Apparently, for some reason, she had left Germany in a great hurry.

"Paris is so beautiful after Germany. I am free now—like a wind. Please, what is your name? Were you in Germany with the American Army during the war?" And with that came many related questions, mostly about art intermingling with reality. But I was really interested in her water colors, and I was looking about for them.

She washed the glasses and offered me wine. A minute later she was putting things in order, moving the easel, arranging the books, making space so that I could view her work adequately. Soon she was pulling water colors out of a closet and placing them about the room.

"My little hotel is very famous, you know. Foujita made many fine paintings in this room. It is like living in history—so wonderful! And he was a big Japanese artist, of course. And many big impressionists lived here, also. How wonderful it feels! It makes my body so warm, Monsieur Roskolenko. What kind of a name is it? Is it Russian? Is it Polish? Ah, so! That is very nice, Mr. Roskolenko . . ."

She pointed across the street, then said, "Such fools over there! When I am dancing, they look—those men. When I am naked, they look more. Ah, so—let them look, those *nahren*. I like to be, what you call—natural, all the time. So what do you think of my water colors, Monsieur Roskolenko?"



LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"They are very lovely and dramatic. I like the red ones especially."

"They are very pure, no?"

"They are beautiful, yes."

"And would you pay thirty dollars for one, Monsieur Roskolenko?"

"Yes, of course."

"This is the best one — so red, like a forest flaming—no?" And she brought it closer to me. "It is my favorite."

"It seems like a German scene. The woods near a prisoner-of-war camp, perhaps?"

"Please, you are being so sarcastic. It is just from my imagination. It is any place that is pure."

"Of course," I said. "Will you take travelers checks?"

"That is good, too. It is American money, no?"

After she wrapped up the water color, we had cognac. She fiddled about with an album of photographs, then said, "You know, I make many photos too. Since you are a writer, you must have a fine photo for your next book. So, please, you will pose now, yes? It will be very beautiful—and not so much money. You see all those photos—all famous Parisian artists. But they have funny names, like..." and she stopped abruptly. "But, such photos! So handsome and very artistic—no?"

Before I knew it, she was setting up the lights and her Leica was in action. Her methods were experimental, but fastidious. She posed me on the couch, on a chair, near the easel, sitting on the floor, standing in a corner—and last, over the water color that I had bought, unwrapping the package for the occasion.

"This one will be the most beautiful, Monsieur Roskolenko. A photo with my imagined red forest—ah!"

She completed a roll with industrious agility. During the episode she made some minor overtures, kissing me on the cheeks when I took a pose without too much instruction. Later, between a moment given over to a real embrace, she asked, "Are you sure, please, you are not a real Russian with such a name?"

"I am sure after a fashion. Why,

Fraulein Baully?"

"Oh, it is too much to explain. It is..." and she paused as she took the roll out of the camera, "Shall I make many copies of the good ones? It will cost only three dollars for each, you understand — only three dollars..."

I was handing her another thirty dollars mechanically, saying, "Ten fine photos will do—thanks. But you were trying to explain something, were you not, Suzanne?"

"Oh—that! Please have one more cognac..." and I was embraced again. "It is about my father, you see. He was a very big Nazi. You understand, please?"

"And were you a very small Nazi?"

"I was only a hard-working German artist, not a Nazi. There is a big difference, no?" She laughed loudly.

"Were you in jail as a small German artist? Were you in a prisoner-of-war camp for making pure water colors? Were you anywhere where it hurt you?"

"Please, do not be so sarcastic. How was I, a small artist, to know what the Nazis did in the terrible camps? It was a big mystery... only rumors, you understand? I did not know anything—so?"

"Apparently no one knew but Hitler, Goering, Himmler, your father — and a few million non-artistic Germans—yes?"

"My father was not so sensitive, you must understand. But I am very sensitive, you see. I am an artist, please."

"Then it was only sensitivity that mattered — water colored, so to speak?"

"Of course, Monsieur Roskolenko. You are sensitive, no?"

I was given another cognac and a cigarette for my answers. I was being kissed sensitively, if lewdly. It seemed to go together—and soon she was staring at the tailor's dummy, and saying, "Do you know what that is for?"

"It is a still life waiting to be activated."

"Oh, you are very funny. It is to make dresses and suits. Would you

like a suit?"

There was a little black book on top of her album of photographs, which had been opened accidentally during her photographing interlude. Names like Jones, Adams, Smith — English and American names, drawings, made up the open page. When she saw me staring at it, she closed it hurriedly. She was saying again, "That suit, Monsieur Roskolenko. I am a very fine tailor, too. It will take only two fittings... can we start now?"

"Let us not start now, Suzanne. It is very late, I'm afraid—and I don't really need a suit."

"Too late, please? The suit, love, more cognac?" she asked quizzically. She was putting away the little black book in her nervous reaction.

"That book, what is it for?" I asked.

"It is just a little book, please..."

"No more—and those names?"

"Such ridiculous questions in Paris. Here we just live from night to night in the blur and the body—such moral questions! Your name, it is so difficult to say it! And all those questions from before—why?"

"That little black book—what is it really for?"

"Oh, let us not talk so much, please!" She reached for the book angrily. "So you want to know, yes? You want to see how many men I know—who have been photographed here—yes? Ah, ha! Maybe one hundred? Maybe one thousand? All my lovers, yes? All very funny names, too. French, American, Dutch, Norwegian, Danish—and English. Why? Ah, ha! That is my secret..." A moment later she was trying to spell out my name, cursing in German at her misspelling.

Mystified, I grabbed the little black book—and she was shouting, "You must understand, all those names are men who are now my finest friends. You understand, please, Monsieur Roskolenko? My father was a very big Nazi — so! Please, the book! You must not look at every page—please!"

After each (Cont. on p. 79)



Cocktail Party...



'Of course I remember your husband. I never forget a face I've slapped.'



'No more for me, thanks. I'm driving.'



'She's a marvelous conversationalist—always says "Yes".'



'She makes me think of you, Dear—if I remember correctly.'

Glamor Photography Made Easy



You don't have to be an expert lensman to wind up with Grade A (for Aah!) glamor photos when the model is a natural like Kit Simmons. In this case, as a matter of fact, the photog turned out to be Kit herself when she found that the lensman had forgotten their appointment and abandoned the studio. (At least that's how it looked; but Ace's candid cameraman was lurking nearby all the time, catching Kit in the act of her do-it-yourself routine. The results? See-for-yourself!)



What's this? Nobody home at the studio? (Top photo) Well, so it shouldn't be a total loss Kit, who has been in front of enough cameras to know what goes on behind, swings into action, gets into working clothes (or out of them in this case) sets her timers and poof! She's a model-cameragirl!



With This... DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT



An "old" pro (figuratively speaking—and that's a pun, too) at posing, Kit knew just the angles (and curves) to shoot for, capturing herself in some delicious close-ups. The above two photos are actual examples of those she took with a timed Rollei, making her a double threat in the glamor field.



Here's Kit shedding new light on darkroom technique. Whatever may be developing in the sink, it's a sure bet Kit is developing a new respect for the problems of a photog.

See next page





WHILE Kit fiddles around with the negatives let's accent the positives: She's a 22-year-old former Boston U. Art major who creates backgrounds for a motion picture cartoon company but finds modeling and bit roles in movies and television lots more fun. She lives in Inglewood with a dachshund and two Persian cats, and she's really (honest!) a talented photographer.



TALE OF A TAIL

THERE lived in a town not far from Venice a maiden of exquisite beauty, so fair indeed that the townsmen were in awe of her. All praised her beauty, and all sought her favors, but knew not how to approach her. Clercs and squires, princes and knights were overwrought with desire for her, but she heeded not their entreaties of love. For what she wanted more than love, the damsel oft said, was to learn to fly, the way Daedalus once did.

Now many heard her say this; but while all scoffed secretly at this wish, one man, a lowliest clerlc of the township, heard them too, and heeded them. Boldly approaching her one day he spoke to her thus: "Fair maid, if fly you must, then I tell you truly you must equip yourself for this task. You must have a beak, and wings and tail, even as the birds do."

"I know this," replied the damsel, her beautiful bosom heaving in a sigh. "But pray tell me, clerlc, how can I obtain these things?"

"Damsel, I am only a poor clerlc, but I am learned in many things. I will help you if you will permit me. First I will make for you a beak, then together we shall make for you a tail that would strike envy in the heart of a peacock."

To this the damsel agreed readily, and the clerlc, taking her to her home, bade her enter her chamber and lie on her couch. He began then to kiss her on the mouth murmuring between times, "This is how we make a beak." Then, after many kisses, he said her, "Now lie back, and forthwith we shall begin work on your tail."

The damsel did so, and the clerlc set to work with directness and vigor.

"Clerlc," the maiden said, "what are you doing?"

"Lady," he replied, "it is thus that one makes a tail, for it must be firmly attached and deeply rooted."

"Then continue," she said, "for in truth I feel that I may fly already. Work quickly and do not fail me," she added, "for I feel a great impatience."

"I will do the best I can," the clerlc said, "but true art cannot be rushed, my fair damsel. We can only begin the job today, but with divine help in months, perhaps a year we will complete such a task to your satisfaction." And with that the young man proceeded to his work with renewed enterprise.

After a time, when the light through her chamber window was growing dark, she kissed him about the mouth and face, saying to him. "Truly you have made a good beginning on my tail, clerlc. But you cannot leave me now. I command that you stay in my house until the enterprise be completed to my will."

The clerlc was much pleased with her words and agreed at once to do her bidding. Thus, day after day, week after week, a little bit by day and more by night he worked at his task. But after a time the maiden found that she had no improvement in a tail, but indeed she was growing some about the waist.

"Foolish clerlc," she said to him angrily one day, "you have played a trick on me, for indeed your tail has taken root in my body and sprouted. Now I shall not only be unable to fly, but unable to walk. I shall be shamed in the town and punished for your poor craftsmanship."

"It is so, sweet Lady," the clerlc replied. "But you requested a silly undertaking. You wished to accomplish an unnatural thing. Now you are pregnant, which is a natural thing for a woman. Now if you will make me a promise that you will never again enjoy such foolish notions I will wed thee so that we may honorably continue to work together in the fashion we so happily began."

The damsel smiled at these words, for indeed she had come to enjoy their mutual task. And so she agreed to their marriage, and never again expressed unwomanly notions, and all the townsmen marveled at the poor clerlc who had won the beautiful maiden, and wondered at the method of his accomplishment.

★★★★
FINAL

★★★★
FINAL

THE CHANGING FACE OF THE LONDON TART

(Story on page 30)



Street Hustlers: A Vanishing Breed

The Keeler-Ward-Profumo scandal that rocked the very foundations of the British Empire also served to focus the spotlight on the 'special' aspects of sin and sex in modern day London. Gone are the infamous Soho streetwalkers and Piccadilly pimps; in their place are a new breed who sell discreet depravity.

Ace

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table of contents

ARTICLES

<i>YOUR PSYCHOLOGY: KEY TO A BETTER LOVE LIFE</i>	A. Joseph Bursteln, Ph.D.	8
<i>HOLLYWOOD AND THOSE JET SET PARTIES</i>	Burt Hirschfeld	14
<i>THE CHANGING FACE OF THE LONDON TART</i>	J. H. Mulholland	30
<i>HOW TO BE A SNOB AND MAKE PEOPLE LIKE IT</i>	Doran Ames	47
<i>THEY'RE JUST GIRLS WHO CAN'T SAY 'NYET'</i>	Dan Julius	52

FICTION

<i>LITTLE BLACK BOOK</i>	Harry Roskolenko	20
<i>THE CHINAMAN BUTTON</i>	Henry Slesar	36
<i>LOVE BY THE BOOK</i>	Ted Mark	44
<i>A VERY SOCIAL WORKER INDEED</i>	Sill Roberts	59

FULL COLOR

<i>BACKSTAGE AT A BIKINI CONTEST</i>	Exclusive Closeup	17
<i>DO IT YOURSELF KIT</i>	Adventure in Glamor	24
<i>THE WAHINE WHO DRIVES KANES PUPUL</i>	Exotic Profile	32
<i>BATTLE BABY</i>	Beauty Closeup	40
<i>HIGH-FLYING LOWE</i>	Personality Peek	49

HUMOR

<i>LOVE, HONOR AND OBIE</i>	Steve Shaw	10
<i>COUCHED IN LAUGHTER</i>	Cartoon Feature	13
<i>COCKTAIL PARTY</i>	A Fifth of Laughs	23
<i>BARDS-BALL</i>	Gary Belkin	55

FEATURES

<i>A MESSAGE FOR HISTORY</i>	Hank Gross	4
<i>TALE OF A TAIL</i>	Translated by Raoul Henry	28
<i>THE SKIN DIVA</i>	Glamor Underwater	62

DEPARTMENTS

<i>BACKTALK</i>	Letters to the Editors	6
<i>JOKER'S GEMS</i>	Potpourri of Rib-Ticklers	39

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Photo sneaked out of a new-style London brothel; set in a fashionable suburb it features not only exotic delights but girls from exotic lands to administer them.

BY J. H. MULHOLLAND

"**W**ANT a bit of fun, dear?" asked the brassy blonde, stepping out of a dark doorway on London's seedy Bayswater Road...

"Come along with me, love. It's only a quid (\$2.80)," urged the pert and pretty prostitute as she worked her way around the crowds in Piccadilly Circus...

"Five bob (70 cents) Guv, for a quickie," propositioned the scrawny-looking woman who loitered in the shadow of the trees along Hyde Park.

Five short years ago, a man could not walk very far along any London street without being accosted by at least one—and very probably half-a-dozen—prostitutes.

As late as 1959, official estimates placed the number of full-time street-walking and doorway-lolling tarts in the English capital at a staggering 45,000. But this was not all. Equally reliable estimates—supported by both police and social workers—held that there were no less than 35,000 part-time prostitutes also pounding the city pavements.

In other words, a huge army of somewhere around 80,000 girls and women walked the streets, stood on

street corners and loitered in the doorways of London, openly offering their sexual services to male passers-by.

Sex was peddled like popcorn—and on a mass production basis. Prices ranged from as low as 70 cents—"five bob"—for a quick trick to five pounds (\$14) for an all-night "special" service.

Entire areas—seamy Soho, the length of the dimly-lit Bayswater Road, Hyde Park, swank Mayfair, grimy Paddington and the neon-bright Piccadilly—were invaded nightly by battalions of bawds. The tarts who sauntered and suggested, promenade and propositioned were as much a part of the city scene as the soot-encrusted buildings, as firm a fixture as Big Ben and the Old Bailey.

"The whole of the West End of London was a prostitutes' playground in a way that no other city in Europe or America could rival," was Judge Gerald Sparrow's recent comment on the London of the Fifties.

The situation continued, unhampered and unheeded for so long that it became an international scandal.

Everyone, but everyone, from Tulsa to Tokyo, knew what the score was in London—everyone, that is, except the phlegmatic British authorities, who persisted in their see-no-evil attitude for many long years.

Finally, however, the British Government could no longer pretend to be ignorant of the blatant facts. A commission was set up to study the problem and report on the situation.

The British being what they are, the commission took its time publishing its report. But at long last, it appeared in print—and the first notes of the streetwalker's death-knell echoed through its pages.

The Wolfenden Report—which also examined the problems of homosexuality in Great Britain—led to the introduction of the "Street Offenses Act" in the British Parliament. The Act was passed in 1959—and the heat was turned on the sidewalks with a vengeance.

The small fines for soliciting—formerly referred to by the girls as "licenses"—were increased to make sure that they really hurt. Jail sentences, formerly unheard of, were dished out left and right. Swarms of prostitutes were rounded up nightly, bundled off to the courts of law.

The London lady-of-the-evening took stock of the new situation. Obviously, the methods of the past were no longer worth a farthing; a new approach to making money on a mattress would have to be found.

Many of them pondered the problem while doing time behind bars; on the outside, their former pimps and pones were also racking their brains.

And so a new set of patterns began to form—the patterns that were going to bring about the first of a series of face-lifts which altered the image of the London tart.

Her age of freedom was over. Gone was the casual tolerance she had enjoyed for so long. From now on, her working and living habits were going to change drastically.

Before the Street Offenses Act was two months old—the London tart had gone underground.

She disappeared from the length of Bayswater, was no more to be seen on the paths of Hyde Park. Men were no longer accosted as they walked along the streets of London.

Instead, they had to go looking—had to seek out the places where the girls had gone.

The tarts went to Soho, to clubs and to strip-joints. New all-night es-

tablishments sprang up everywhere. The girls were all working, just as they always had—but the prices were different and so were the backgrounds. Everything was indoors, upstairs, behind locks. Private key clubs expanded their premises — and the variety of the "entertainment" they had to offer.

Chelsea coffee-bars bulged with customers—girls on the look-out for prowling, sex-starved males. And a physical change came over the erstwhile pavement pookie; mingling with the Chelsea beatniks, she started to assume some of the beachicks' fashions. Gone was the brazen and brassy look; she let her hair hang down straight and concentrated putting her makeup only on her eyes.

"Protective coloring," explained a bobby, whose beat was the King's Road through the heart of Chelsea. "We can't tell one from the other any more—and their 'business arrangements' are all done in the coffee bars. We know they're walking out with customers for the night—but there isn't a thing we (Cont. on p.76)

The New Faces...



Christine Keeler (left) and Mandy Rice-Davies, paragons of the "new breed" of London play-for-pay girl whose clients read like "Who's Who Among the Peerage."

Where Some 'Old' Faces Have Gone



The Soho streetwalker hasn't completely disappeared, but she has gone indoors, to "modeling studios," giving legitimate ones a bad name, or to the many swinging Soho nightspots, where they work as strippers or waitresses as "cover" jobs.



*The
Wahine
Who
Drives
Kanes
Pupuli*



These photos were taken on the island of Hawaii (the State of Hawaii actually consists of an island group) but Poli lives in Honolulu, works as a hostess in one of the hotel nightclubs. She's 19 years old, with a great future stretching out before her.



Take it from the showbiz kanakas (big shots) around Hawaii, Poli Tonkin (our wahine) soon will be driving pupuli (nuts) not only the kanes (guys) around Oahu (her home island) but all the guys all over, when she makes her movie debut this year in a South Seas epic.



See next page

Poli is a perfect specimen of what Polynesian beauties are pictured to be like, but all too seldom are in real life.



Except for a few fleeting, non-speaking appearances on TV's "Hawaiian Eye" series Poli has not yet been exposed to the public. Rushes of her first film, however (it's as yet untitled), indicate that she might be another France Nuyen.

A part time student at the beautiful University of Hawaii, Poli's long range plans call for a career as a school teacher at the kindergarten level. But first she'd like some of that fabled showbiz glamor.



There's never been a travel poster that sold Hawaii as well as Poli does with just a look like this. All us wistful malihinis (stateside guys) sure wish we could pay an extended visit here!



DUTCHMAN

HAAS

CHINAMAN
BUTTON

PRESS

LETTER
send
to
WHOM?
WHY?
HOW?



The Chinaman Button

THURBOLD returned brown and contented and with grains of Waikiki still in his loafers, but he wasn't back at the engraving house five minutes when Lou's sallow face told him that something had hit the fan in his absence. Thurbold had left his partner in charge only three weeks; how much trouble could he brew in that short a time?

"Let's hear it," Thurbold said. "What did you do wrong?"
 "Nothing, nothing," Lou said vehemently. "First Edmundson wants to talk to you, and the next thing I know there's a letter from Brewster terminating our agreement—"

"What are you talking about?"
 "Edmundson's out of purchasing, he's in the forwarding department now. The letter was from the new purchasing manager. Wait, I'll show it to you."

Lou found the letter, and Thurbold read the three short lines that closed out a deal that paid for nine-tenths of his company's overhead. Brewster Sales was a mail-order house, a national distributor of four-inch-thick catalogues, and their annual engraving work was the keystone of Thurbold's business arch. He had obtained it through diligence, technical competence, and a quiet "service" percentage paid to the head of Brewster's purchasing department. But now Charlie Edmundson was out purchasing, and Thurbold was out of an account. He squinted to read the new signature.

"Walter Van Haas," he read. "Who the hell is Walter Van Haas?"
 He repeated the question to Charlie Edmundson at lunch, and Charlie said,

"Don't ask me now, I'm eating."

"Talk," Thurbold said. "We'll tell jokes later."

"He's a boy scout," Charlie said with loathing. "A son of a bitch. That's who he is."

"How did he get your job?"

"They fobbed him off on me as an assistant. Then a couple of weeks ago, he comes running in with a bid from Avalon Engraving, shading your price by almost fifteen percent."

(Cont. on next page)

It was Thurbold's theory that every man had his price, and it was far below the million dollars he was dangling before do-gooder Walter Van Haas; there was just one flaw in Thurbold's thinking . . . a flaw of Dr. Frankenstein proportions.

THE CHINAMAN BUTTON

"Why didn't you tell him to mind his own business?"

"I did. But it wasn't enough. He told me he was sending an inter-office memo, carbons to the brass, quoting Avalon's figures and proving that the company could save forty grand a year by switching suppliers. That's when I did the only sensible thing."

"What was that?"

"I offered him a slice of my percentage. If you hadn't been surfing on Oahu, I would have asked you to put up the dough, but as it was —"

"Well, what happened? Wasn't it enough?"

"Enough? He practically turned blue when I made the offer. Him take a kickback? Him, the incorruptible Walter Van Haas?"

"I get it," Thurbold said. "So he went running into the boss —"

Edmunson scowled at an olive. "No, that's not his way, not Honest Walter. He wouldn't rat on me, but he wouldn't stop the memo either. The next thing I knew, the old man was giving me the good news about shifting me to the Forwarding department. They don't like to fire people at Brewster, but they sure know how to make 'em quit. Forwarding, that's the first step out."

"Nuts," Thurbold said. "You just didn't make the price high enough, that's why Van Haas didn't fall."

"You're wrong. You don't know this guy, Dick, he's the original Goody Two-Shoes —"

"I know the type. They take more coaxing and more money."

"No," Edmunson said stubbornly. "Not this one, Dick, I mean it. You couldn't budge him for a million bucks!"

Thurbold's laugh was short and unamused. "Million bucks, million bucks! The magic words, the incantation of the American dream! Charlie, did you ever hear of the Chinaman Button?"

"The which?"

"When you were a child, didn't your friends ever present you with that moral dilemma? It goes like this. Suppose you were told that by simply pressing a button you could

kill a Chinaman thousands of miles away, a Chinaman whose fate meant nothing more to you than the fate of a bedbug on a sheet. And yet, by sending that anonymous Oriental to his death, you would receive one million dollars, free and clear. What would you do?"

Edmunson snorted. "Hell, I don't know. Press the button, I guess."

"Yes, that's right. You'd press the button. I'd press the button. And so would our moral friend Van Haas."

"No," Edmunson said. "Not him, no that guy. He'd figure the Chinaman had a wife and kids."

"You don't really believe that?"

"About Van Haas? You bet I do. Van Haas wouldn't press it, not for ten million dollars. That's the kind of moralistic jerk he is. That's why you don't have the Brewster account any more."

"He'd press it," Thurbold said doggedly, gritting his teeth. "That sanctimonious bastard. He'd press it, just like the rest of us."

"What's the difference? There isn't any Chinaman button."

Thurbold's eyes glazed suddenly with concentrated thought. He picked up the sugar spoon, and looked at his distorted image on the underside.

"Maybe there could be. A reasonable facsimile, anyway. Now wouldn't that be something?"

"Are you crazy?"

"There doesn't have to be a button, not literally. Or a Chinaman, for that matter. Van Haas sounds Dutch. How about a Dutchman?"

"Yes," Edmunson said, answering his own question. "You're crazy, all right."

"He wouldn't be so high and mighty once he pressed the button, would he? If we got him to do that, he couldn't walk around with a halo anymore. Murder, that's a lot worse than a kickback."

"Look, Dick, do we have to play games?"

"We'd have him right by the short hairs of his integrity, wouldn't we?" Thurbold's face was gleeful. "We could call the shots then, boy. We might even get you your job back. And me my contract..."

"Now cut it out," Edmunson said sharply. "You're talking about something that doesn't exist."

But by the time they left the restaurant, plans for the Chinaman button had been sketched on the tablecloth.

By the end of the week, Thurbold had composed the letter that constituted the groundwork of his scheme, with Edmunson supplying the background information concerning Walter Van Haas. The letterhead, set in an unpretentious typeface, read:

REES, LOUW & PIENAAR
Attorneys

200 Commissioner Street,
Johannesburg, South Africa

The letter read:

Dear Mr. Van Haas:

Our firm is collecting data for record-keeping purposes concerning the surviving family of one of our clients. Would you be so good as to confirm the following facts?

Your name: WALTER VAN HAAS.

Your father's name: BENJAMIN VAN HAAS.

Your mother's maiden name: SYLVIA REACH.

Paternal grandparents: JAN VAN HAAS, ELSA VOORT.

If the foregoing facts are not correct, would you kindly advise us by return mail? If they are correct, there is no need for further communication.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

The letter was mailed by a service that specialized in posting mail from any corner of the earth. Thurbold could picture the scene in the Van Haas household when it arrived. The curiosity of Van Haas and his wife, the children clamoring for the foreign stamps, the puzzled perusal of the letter's contents, the jocular speculation as to its significance.

And then, two weeks later, the letter forgotten, filed, or even discarded (for the facts, of course, were correct) Thurbold was ready for a meeting with Walter Van Haas, with the Chinaman button in his pocket.

"Mr. Werner?" Van Haas said.
(Thurbold had (Cont. on p. 64)



THE JOKER'S GEMS

of style because they pick up dirt. Maybe so. But imagine what short dresses pick up!

There's just one thing wrong with being the best man at a wedding: you don't have a chance to prove it.

The usual order for milk at a particular house was a quart every other day. So naturally, when the milkman found a note asking him to leave 24 quarts of cow juice, he was a bit curious. He rang the bell, and when the luscious-looking lady of the house answered, he asked her if there wasn't some mistake.

"There's no mistake," she said. "I've always had a yen to take a milk bath, and 24 quarts should just about do it."

"Pasteurized, of course," said the milkman.

"No," said the lady. "Just up to my bust."

Over in London a man walked into a pub, ordered a glass of water, put it to his lips, and drained it in one swallow.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "That was bloody good. Let me have another."

He downed that too, and then another one after it. Then he started to leave.

"Wait a bloody minute," said the landlord. Of all the bloomin' cheek. You walk in here, a complete stranger, order three glasses of water, and then just up and walk out."

The stranger's reply was brief and pointed. "What do you expect me to do—stagger out?"

The voluptuous young blonde looked like she'd been through the First World War when she stumbled into her apartment after a late date.

"My Heavens, what happened to you!" exclaimed her roommate.

"Sam asked me to pose for him in the nude tonight," said the blonde. "Well, why didn't you just tell him you weren't a model?"

"I did," said the blonde, "but he told me that it didn't matter, because he wasn't an artist."

Sitting himself down on the stool in front of the diner counter, the hungry traveler pounded his fist and demanded to know what the place had to offer in the way of a good sandwich.

"Well, we have some nice tongue," said the counterman.

"Tongue?" exploded the traveler, making an ugly face. "Do you expect me to eat something that's been inside an animal's mouth?"

"But... but..."

"No buts about it," the traveler roared. "Just bring me a couple of scrambled eggs!"

Two French actresses were discussing an actor with whom they had both had occasion to work.

"That man sure knows how to dress," said one.

"I'll say he does," agreed the other. "And quickly, too!"



A Message From Western Union

BY HANK CROSS

IT WAS the night of July 26, 1886, and, in the Brooklyn branch office of Western Union, two messengers got to boasting.

"I," said Messenger William, "am without a doubt the best jumper in the entire world."

"Malarky," said Messenger Steve. "You're only the second best—and the reason is because I am the best. I've jumped from higher places than you have, and more dangerous places too. What do you say to that?"

"I say you're nothing but a lot of talk."

For an hour the argument raged, with tempers growing thinner and voices louder. There weren't many messages that night, and the other messengers crowded around, egging the pair on.

"You're both just a lot of talk," sneered one.

"How about some action?" heckled another.

Messenger William's face cracked into a clever smile. "Yes," he said, and the tone of his voice made the other boys fall silent. "Yes, how about some action."

His eyes fastened tauntingly on Steve's face, and if there was only bluff behind them, he hid it well.

"Well?" he said to Steve.

"That's okay with me," said Steve. He looked around at the expectant faces of the messengers. "We'll have a contest. You guys be the judges."

The messengers readily agreed, and the Western Union office began buzzing with suggestions as to what kind of contest to have. Finally William held out his hands for silence. "I tell you what," he said smugly. "Let's go up to the roof of the building and jump from there."

A collective gasp came from the messengers. "That's four stories high!" said Messenger Robert.

Messenger William shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "I guess to you guys it seems high."

"You'll be killed," piped up another boy.

Again William shrugged. He looked at Steve. "Chicken?"

"What's down below?" asked Steve.

"Patch of grass."

Steve shook his head firmly. "Sorry," he said, "No dice." Then, just as William's grin was reaching his ears, he added, "But I still say I'm a better jumper than you, and if we can find someplace that has water below it, I'll prove it."

"Hey," interrupted another messenger. "I know just the place. How about the bridge?"

A chorus of "Yeah's" settled the matter immediately, and messenger James Kirk was dispatched to his home to get a pair of swim trunks. He returned shortly with a pair of his father's old trousers, the legs of which the boys cut away to create a makeshift bathing suit.

"We'll jump in the morning on the way home from work," Steve said.

"You mean I will," bragged William. "You'll probably chicken out."

"We'll see," said Steve.

Busily, the messengers made their plans. Thomas Dowling, a heavy-set lad of sixteen, whose face was as round and as mottled as a used bowling ball, and who was the oldest of the boys, was placed in charge. Two of the other messengers were designated as judges, and a fourth was made guard.

Sunrise found the four uniformed messengers with William and Steve at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge.

"All right," said William, swelling his chest and swaggering about. "Who'll go first?"

The judges held a quick conference and decided that the fairest way was to flip a coin. Thomas Dowling produced a penny, tossed it in the air and caught it on the back of his hand.

With a sense of drama worthy of a circus ringmaster, he said slowly, "Call it."

William said, "Heads."

Thomas's top hand drifted off and revealed the coin. It was tails.

"Okay," said Steve, without hesitation. "Give me the trousers."

As a hushed awe engulfed the group, Steve donned the swim trunks. "Let's go," he said.

The messengers marched out to the center of the bridge, its highest point. Several hundred feet below, the tiny whitecaps of the East River glistened in the early morning sun.

"Now," said Steve, "we'll see who's the best jumper in the world. Don't forget," he added, with a sharp glance at William, "you go next."

Without further pause, Steve climbed over the railing, and leaned out over the river.

"Wait a minute!" yelled William. "You better not do that, Steve. Listen, I was only kidding."

Steve Brodie grinned at the look on William's face. "I wasn't," he said simply. He slid down until he was hanging from the edge of the bridge by his hands. Then he let go and dropped.

The splash Steve Brodie made in the East River was nothing to the splash he made in the newspapers. When he swam from the river unscratched, unscarred and unhurt, he became instantly famous.

But he didn't let it go to his head. All he'd wanted to do was win his argument, which he had. That night, he reported to work at Western Union as usual. But he left behind him an expression, "Doing a Brodie," that since that night has become accepted American slang for jumping off any high place, and particularly a bridge. ●

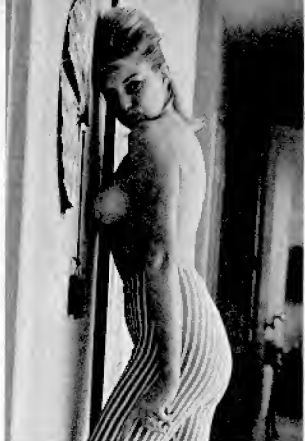
A black and white photograph of a woman, Erica Huber, posing nude. She is sitting on the floor, leaning back on her right arm, with her legs bent and one leg raised. She has dark hair styled in a high, voluminous bouffant. The background consists of vertical curtains. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her physique.

BATTLE BABY

Born in Bastogne during the Battle
of the Bulge twenty years ago, Belgian
bombshell Erica Huber now has the
whole world surrendering to the awe-
some power of her Continental beauty.



Erica plans to return to Bastogne this coming December for the 20th anniversary ceremonies of the big battle. Dad was a jeweler in the famed besieged town.



After winning second prize in the 1962 Miss Belgium contest she came to the U.S. at the expense of a television company for a screen test—a successful one.



Specializing lately in "gun moll" roles on such TV series as "Sunset Strip" and "Perry Mason" Erica has been taking singing lessons to escape into lighter, musical-type shows.



See next page



Under contract to a top TV production company Erica is considered a leading contender for future star honors by both producers and fellow artists. With a knockout face and figure she combines delightful Belgian charm and a refreshing, dedicated attitude toward her work. Not much of an enthusiast for the night owl circuit, she prefers a quiet evening with friends listening to music or talking anything but shop.

What she likes most of all about living in Hollywood is the weather; as any veteran of the Bulge area, can attest the winters are freezing in that part of Belgium. Erica says she's discovered a new world of sunshine where she can swim and sunbathe twelve months of the year, yet have ski resorts within a day's drive.







Sex by the Book

BY TED MARK

Ronald Whittington was an expert lover—in theory, that is; but when it came to brass tacks—now that's another story . . .

ON PAPER Ronald G. Whittington was the World's Greatest Lover. With a guaranteed, double-your-money-back technique for every type of situation, perpetual erotic fulfillment was at his typewriting fingertips. When it came to making out, Ronald always battled a thousand; he was always irresistible—on paper!

Being the World's Greatest Lover on paper was Ronald's bread-and-butter. He'd gained entrance as a writer to the men's magazine field some years back with an article entitled "How to Score with a Cheerleader." When this piece sold immediately, Ronald had recognized that he was on to a good thing and quickly followed it with such pieces as "How to Woo a Working Girl," "A Suave Approach to Sophisticated Women" and "The Right Way to Make Hay with a Farmer's Daughter."

From then on Ronald's reputation as a writer of seduction-advice features had grown with editors until he'd become established as the leading author of such material in the men's magazine field. Labeled as a specialist by the age of 25, he made

an excellent living, although he was continually frustrated by the fact that editors had pigeonholed his talents so that he was never called upon to write any other kind of article. Even more frustrating was the fact that everything he wrote was out-and-out sublimation. Yes, all his work was strictly imaginary, for Ronald, in this free-wheeling day-and-age, was that most self-deplored of anachronisms: an adult, male virgin!

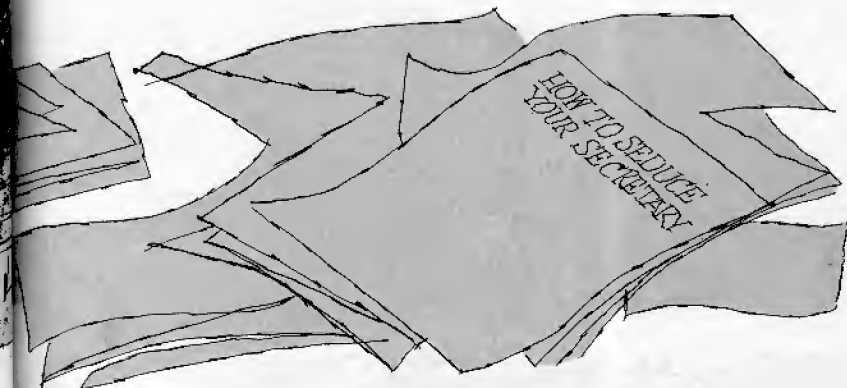
Well, he'd been so busy writing . . . And before that he'd been working and going to school at the same time . . . His mother was over-possessive . . . He was introverted . . . Hell, the real truth is that he was shy with girls and never got around to giving himself the chance to get over his shyness.

But, being normal, it bugged him. It was around the time he was putting the finishing touches to "How to Seduce Your Secretary" that he decided the time had come to put some of his words into action. Reading over the article, he made mental notes of some of his more pertinent points, figuring to use them for future reference.

Then he handed the manuscript to his secretary for re-typing, hovered over her for a moment and finally blurted it out: "Say, Susie, how about having dinner with me tonight?" he asked.

Susie looked like a secretary should look, but seldom does. She wore her hair in a tight bun, favored loose-fitting tweeds and looked at the world through horn-rimmed glasses. Her manner, crisp and efficient, matched her style. Neither ever drew much notice from the men with whom she came in contact in the course of her duties. What they did notice was that the eyes behind the glasses were smoldering deep blue pools filled with the answers to unvoiced questions, that the figure beneath the tweeds was bosomy, small-waisted and sexy-hipped, that her skirts were short and her legs long and shapely, that she moved with deliberate undulation like a stripper coming down the runway, that her voice was syrupy with innuendo belying her starchy secretarial exterior. Now she looked at Ronald and said, "Why, I'd love to have dinner with you, Mr. Whittington."

(Cont. on p. 68)





'I don't know much about art—but I know what I like!'

How to be a Snob—and Make People Like It!

Snobbery can be fun, if you employ these two-upsmanship gambits/by DORAN AMES

SOME snobs are born—after all, only a Wally Simpson could make a Duke of Windsor, and that line can be taken anyway you like.

But, in this day of decaying monarchies and molting aristocracy, the biggest and best snobs are self-made. They're connoisseurs of the fine art of coming out on top in any situation and experts in the science of vanquishing all opponents in any skirmish over status.

Now, to master the fine art of snobbery, it's necessary to know a few basic facts.

Snobbery is like sex. It can be fun—rare sport.

However, and again like sex, snobbery requires a certain amount of innate ability, some knowledge about techniques and at least occasional practice in order to pay maximum dividends.

The innate ability is either there—or it isn't. If anyone has the slightest interest in being a snob, it's there. If not—well, there are plenty of other games to play. Wall tennis, anyone?

As for techniques, these can be mastered quickly, easily—and with insouciance—which means in a calm and unbothered manner, one of the basic basics of snobbery.

The successful snob is the man who never gives his opponents a chance to riposte—fight back for beginners. He sneers at one-upsmanship, for the one-upsmanship lays himself wide open to counterattack.

The Master Snob knows the secret lies in practicing two-upsmanship. That puts him two moves ahead of the next guy—who reels back, completely shattered and confused, utterly unable to make even the most feeble counter-move. Moreover, the successful snob knows how to do this and still have people like him, seek out his company, invite him to the "right" parties.

Need an example? Sure, it's about time for one.

Take the matter of tippling—you can even call it boozing for the moment. The blundering—or square—aspiring snob goes at the whole thing the hard way.

He stocks up a shelfful of books on the fine points of wine tasting and memorizes all those fag phrases about "a delightful vintage that expresses itself in subtle tones."

Or, he ruins his digestive tract by ordering the latest booze-and-gook mixture that has caught the fancy of the

conforming crowd and tries to drag himself up a rung or two on the upsmanship ladder by improvising some variation on the theme.

"Uh—make mine a Missionary's Downfall, only use cocoon juice instead of grenadine."

That sort of thing.

As an upsmanship play, it stinks. It's too damned much work—and too damned hard on the kidneys.

The Master Snob keeps his boozing rules simple.

When it comes to the question of wines, he throws all the book-learned hogwash down the nearest drain or into the handiest potted palm-pot. He pastes one rule into his hat—to drink the way the Continentals drink.

You sip the whites—which should be chilled—and gulp the reds, which should be served at room temperature.

Uh-huh. That's all. It's just that simple.

Of course, it's necessary for the adroit two-upsmanship to let others know that he follows this rule. He shrugs casually, with just a trace of contempt for the ignorant ones around him, and lets it drop. The stark simplicity of it all is shattering—especially to those who have been staying up all night trying to memorize the difference between a *chambre* and a *chablis*.

The two-upsmanship posture in this situation is as solid and safe as the Rock of Gibraltar. There just aren't any answers, any come-backs.

Even if there's a wine-expert in the crowd, whatever he could possibly say would be anticlimactic. It would drop like a thin-walled blivet. Just drop, bust and splatter—all over the expert.

Got the idea?

Fine. Then we can go on from there.

Consider the question of smoking—or, more broadly, the use of tobacco. To hell with cigarettes—they cause cancer, anyway. Cigars are square—even if they're rum-soaked crooks. Pipes? Come on—every college freshman has a collection.

The answer?

Easy, man.

Snuff.

That's right—snuff. Carry a snuff box and a large, pure white handkerchief (for pulling from the breast pocket



HOW TO BE A SNOB

with a casual flourish when sneezing.)

Snuff has many advantages. In the first place, almost no one uses it these days. Then, it's something that takes a little getting used to. YOU can do that in the privacy of your own pad—when no one is looking. You can master the art of pinching just enough to generate a healthy and soul-satisfying sneeze.

However, when you offer the snuff-box around to others—and they'll be honor-bound to try it—they'll practically choke to death. At that point, you coolly retrieve the box and, making a great pretense of ignoring the anguished gasps, coughs and chokings around you, deftly take another pinch, get your sneeze off, replace your handkerchief and slip the snuff-box into your pocket (preferably vest). You're way, way ahead—at the top of the ladder.

Speaking of vest pockets, the consummate snob makes the most of his. He never — but never — wears a wristwatch. Instead, he sports a huge, clumsy gold pocket watch—one that dates from the earliest possible 1800s. Naturally, he probably bought it in a pawn shop—but he doesn't tell anyone that. He just carries it and takes it out with a practiced movement. By implication, at least, it's a timepiece that has been in his family for generations. (Note to super-Master snobs: a little imaginative engraving on the back, properly aged and indicating that it was originally given to the owner's great-great-grandfather by Napoleon Bonaparte after the Battle of Austerlitz works wonders.)

Where next? Intellectual pursuits, maybe?

This is as good as any — even better, because it is in this area that the true, blue-blooded snob can rack up more points than a cricket team by pulling the simplest and easiest of switcheroos.

Anyone who tries to prove that he's an intellectual, a double-dome, has to work at it. It's far too difficult to face—there may always be someone around who really does understand the Einstein theory or who has actually read Salinger — J.D., not

Pierre.

So don't try to memorize equations, poetry or lines from the classics. Leave that for the Van Doren boys—after all, you won't have to appear before any Grand Juries.

Nope. To prove that you're an intellectual towering head and shoulders above every PhD in the crowd, read junk. Read the crummiest, most Gawd-awful trash you can find on the newsstands or in the book stores.

The right to read trash has always been the vested privilege of great men—the theory being that their minds were so occupied and so hard at work most of the time that they went to the ridiculous from the sublime in order to obtain mental relaxation.

Presidents, millionaires, geniuses all have done it.

The late President Franklin D. Roosevelt was famed for devouring third-rate mystery novels. Dwight D. Eisenhower is a voracious reader of shoot-'em-up Tony Westerns. The late John F. Kennedy doted on James Bond thrillers. Zillionaire J. Paul Getty is an avid reader of boys' adventure books. One of IBM's top thinkers relaxes with books written for juveniles.

To do the job right, pick a general field—Westerns, Romances or whatever. Stick to the field insofar as your public reading is concerned. But be sure the books are as junky as possible. The implication is clear. Everyone who sees you with one of the trash books in your hands will be impressed—greatly impressed—and leap to the conclusion that your brain is so jammed with problems of world-shaking import that this is the only way you can unwind. It never—but never—fails.

Another sure fire gambit is to sneer at psychiatrists.

"They're all right for those who lack basic self-understanding..."

If said in just the right patronizing tone, such lines are good for at least two notches on the stick. However, to really pile up points, the Master Snob pulls a Magic Rabbit out of his hat.

He acquires his own astrologer.

"I couldn't care less about the past—and whether I ever saw my father nude," he shrugs. "I'm interested in the future—and in seeing if there is anything to this astrology business..."

This has to be carried off with an air that suggests that the two-upsmen has his private court astrologer. He must never—but NEVER—try to sell the idea or even talk very much about the subject. He must wait for the questions to come—and they will, without fail. These he answers—or rather parries—with replies that hint of mystery.

Note: This play works wonders with women. The snob-artist who wants to score both ways—with chicks as well as status-wise—invests a few bucks in an Ephemerides and a Table of Houses, the two basic reference books for casting horoscopes. He also buys a few horoscope blanks—and allows himself to be talked into casting a horoscope for a chick, but natch, she'll have to come up to his pad so that he can do the job right. Both ways.

As long as the subject of pads has come up, a two-upsmen play that catches everyone with their pants down centers on the bathroom. It involves the installation of a bidet. The maximum effect is only achieved if it's a bachelor pad, however.

Whatever the bidet is used for—washing socks, maybe?—its presence in a bachelor's john speaks volumes. It implies — implies, hell, it fairly shouts—that the female traffic is like what goes through the Holland Tunnel on a Fourth of July weekend.

This gambit not only bestows five-star status in the eyes of the males who visit the place—it's better bait than a mink coat for dolls. After all, what woman could possibly resist coming back — alone — to find out what any guy who needs a bidet has got. For the conclusion is inescapable: he must be the greatest lover since Casanova!

These days—what with jet aircraft and package tours—it's virtually impossible to achieve top-snob ratings without having done some travelling.

The two-upsmen doesn't just travel, however. He knows that the mere act of taking a trip— (Cont. on p. 82)



HIGH-FLYING LOWE

If Joy Lowe appears to wander about head-in-the-clouds these days, credit her proud new title: "Air Force Queen."



See next page

NIGHTIE

Nights on the Nile



No. 952 QUEEN OF THE NILE

A new full-length ORIGINALS' exclusive adaptation of Cleopatra's most regal gown, undressed to focus full attention on your personal beauty. Create three moods with a single lace shoulder strap which can be concealed to appear strapless... or raise the elasticized gathered bodice to create a high bust line... or put your arms through the lovely side openings to effect a still higher neckline. Now you can have this Fashion "first" first ORIGINALS' finest quality sheer nylon and detailed workmanship. Moon shadows Black, Flame Red, Temple White. Sizes: S-M-L. ORIGINALS'

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Yvette Bell

Fashion Coordinator



Sleek-as-a-jet Joy was 'adopted' this year by the basic training school at Keesler Field, Mississippi, the boys in blue calling her, "The girl they'd like most to be stranded on the moon with."



Actually a gal with both shapely feet firmly planted on the ground, Joy is a West Coast calendar model. Her new title, however, has given her the idea of taking flying lessons.

She once applied for a job as an airline stewardess, but was turned down for being underage (she was only 17). Some airline would be smart now to grab Joy; it would be a scoop!





Those Red-Blooded Red Females:

They're Just Girls Who Can't Say Nyet!

CUPID is a capitalist fink! Such is the latest party-line of the Russian overlords, according to recent reports leaked from behind the Iron Curtain. *Lovemaking is for the bourgeoisie!* Such is the unofficial outlook circumstances have forced the commissars to embrace. *Young lovers are traitors to the state!* Such is the thinking underlying the internal war against dat ole debbil SEX!

It's a war the Red mucky-mucks have been forced to wage by circumstance. It's a war they don't like to admit is being fought. It's a war they're losing.

Perhaps this is because when it's looked at from the other side of the *ruble*, it's not really a war at all. It's actually an under-the-counter sex revolution characterized by such skirmishes as the following—

ITEM: The Moscow city government recently issued a manifesto declaring Gorky Park off-limits to all civilians after dark. The avowed purpose of the ruling was to put an end to the necking parties and other forms of hanky-panky being engaged in by Moscow's young lovers. In the two-week period following the ban, there were fourteen arrests involving young people who had defied it. One of those arrested was a policeman assigned to patrol the park. Among the official charges brought against him was one accusing him of being "out of uniform."

ITEM: During last year's Red Army maneuvers in Georgia, the general staff handed down orders forbidding male and female members of the armed forces to mix. Among those involved in the 37 court martials that followed was a lieutenant general caught *en flagrante* with his female *aide de camp*. Also, 103 non-ranking females in the army were subsequently cashiered out of the service

There's a hot war raging inside
Russia itself, with the Party on
one side and party throwers on
the other. Angry at falling farm
and production figures the
Politburo blames its free-
wheeling younger generation,
who seem a lot more anxious to
make hay than grow wheat!

ARTICLE

BY DAN JULIUS



SALE

THOSE RED-BLOODED RED FEMALES

because they had become pregnant.

ITEM: *Pravda* recently quoted a commissar in charge of production at a Kiev missile plant as complaining that sex was the factory's worst bottleneck. The workers were warned that kanoodling during working hours meant instant dismissal, but he reported that if the rule had been enforced, he would have lost half his work-force. Somehow, petting parties started during coffee breaks didn't stop with the blowing of the back-to-work whistle.

Obviously, the average Russian figures ways to foil the anti-sex rules as quickly as they're passed. The question is, why do the top Commies try to foist them on the Russky public at all? Don't they realize that the sex urge is a blank wall their butting heads can't dent? And why are they so anti-sex in the first place?

Well, the truth is that in the first place the Commies were far from anti-sex. In the early days of the revolution, Red doctrine walked hand-in-hand with the philosophy of free love. Indeed, free-wheeling sex has always been part of the tradition of radicalism.

The first hint that the Russians had given up the idea of a free-love Utopia came a few years back when Khrushchev visited the United States. Guested on the set of the movie "Can-Can" which was then being filmed, he reacted to a high-kicking production number in a manner more fitting to a Victorian prude than a supposedly sexually emancipated socialist. "Decadent" and "immoral" were two of the words he used to express his disgust. "The face is more attractive than the backside!" he declared with a blush more worthy of a Boston bluenose than a double-standard-bearing Bolshevik.

In retrospect, it seems likely that his prudish pronouncement was aimed at the young folks back home. It's surely in keeping with the anti-sex attitude of Russian officialdom. As to the real reasons behind the attitude, they're so simple as to be almost ludicrous. They boil down to two factors: climate and inadequate housing.

The climate is too cold for outdoor

lovmaking. And the shortage of housing facilities is a major deterrent to indoor lovmaking. Both the anti-sex of the government and the measures by which the common folk cope with it stem from these two factors. Today this inter-reaction is a snowball rapidly rolling downhill.

A look at the Moscow housing situation shows why. For the most part, apartments are shared by two and three families. However, there are a certain number of privileged people who have digs all to themselves. Aside from those who have "ins" with the government housing agency, such privacy is usually the result of the seniority system by which quarters are assigned in Moscow.

The way this system has worked out, the majority of those who aren't forced to share a bed, a room, or even in some cases an apartment, are over 60 years old. Most of them are widowers, or widows, whose children have managed to move out and establish some sort of households of their own. In contrast to these oldsters, the overwhelming majority of unmarried young Muscovites live in the most crowded quarters and often sleep as many as three to a bed with their parents and other members of the family. Add to this the fact that permission to marry isn't granted these young people unless they can prove they have secured quarters of their own into which they can move.

Thus the housing situation has resulted in a vicious circle. Courtship under such crowded conditions is impossible. There are no inexpensive motels available for illicit lovmaking. Necking parties in the parks are forbidden. Even petting sessions in the backs of automobiles bring the harshest penalties, and supervision of possible parking spots is strict. Those willing to leap into marriage for sexual fulfillment are thwarted by the lack of space to set up housekeeping.

To say that this state of affairs isn't being taken lying down by young Russians is misleading. All too humanly, they have come up with one gambit after another to achieve exactly that position. The most popular of these plays has recently resulted in a rash of May-December marriages

resulting in some mighty strange Russian versions of the popular French *menage a trois*. Some of them were reported by *Pravda* as follows:

A 19-year-old girl pushed a wheelchair carrying an octogenarian into the Bureau of Marriages and announced that they wanted to be wed right away. In view of the groom-to-be's doddering condition, haste did seem to be indicated, and so the ceremony was performed. A few weeks later a housing check revealed that the old man and his darling were sharing his room with the bride's young lover. The oldster confessed that he slept on the couch while the couple shared the bed. Asked why he'd consented to the arrangement, his answer was to the effect that although he was too old for action, he still enjoyed watching others enjoy themselves!

Another housing check revealed a young couple living in an apartment which had been assigned to an 86-year-old hero of the revolution. Punishment was forestalled when the girl produced witnesses to prove that she'd married the oldster on his deathbed. As his widow, she was entitled to retain the apartment. Following his death, she'd wed the young man to whom she'd been engaged all along. She was asked if the dying hero had known what she was about. Again witnesses bore out her answer: "His last words were that he was sorry to miss the wedding. And he died with a smile!"

Not all the oldsters involved are Cupids, or voyeurs. Far more common is another case where a hip young thing propping up her half-dead fiancé was followed into the offices of the Bureau of Marriages by the decrepit coddler's complaining relatives. As she stood murmuring sweet-nothings into his hearing-aid, his would-be heirs loudly denounced her as a Circe who had played on the old man's senility. The police officer on duty took one look at the hot-eyed bride and her obsessed "fiance," and agreed. He tried to reason with the oldster, but to no avail. Finally, he turned to the girl.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" he told her. (Cont. on p. 81)

Bard's Ball



BARD

or Much Ado About BASEBALL

by Gary Belkin

Continued

"What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face? I am no loathsome leper—look on me."

—King Henry IV, Part II,
Act III, Scene 2





"Hang off, thou cat,
thou burr! Vile thing,
let loose, Or I will
shake thee from me
like a serpent."

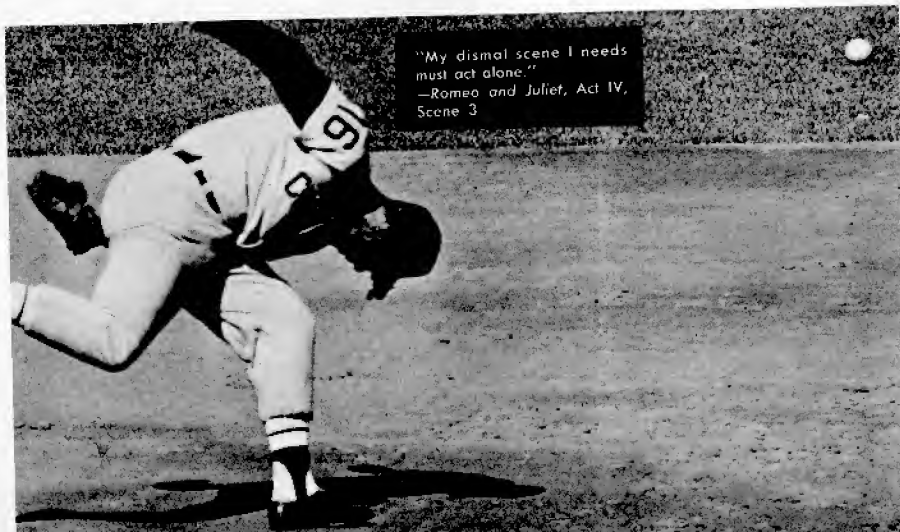
—*Midsummer Night's
Dream*, Act III,
Scene 2



"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world."

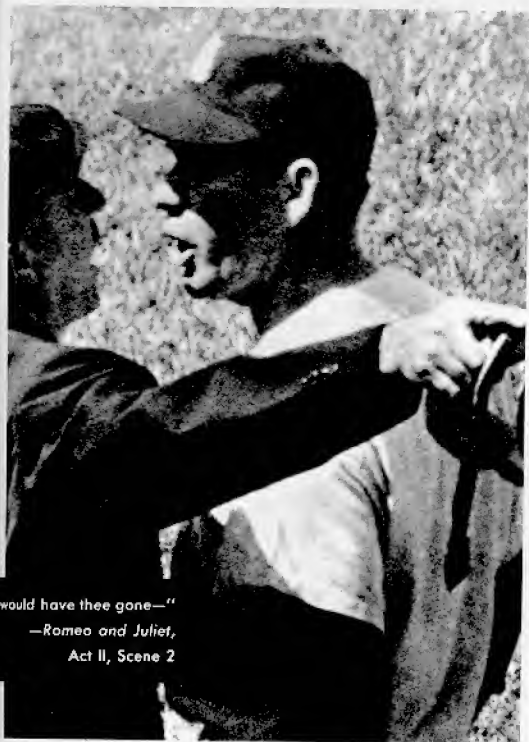
—*Hamlet*, Act I, Scene 2

Bard's Ball

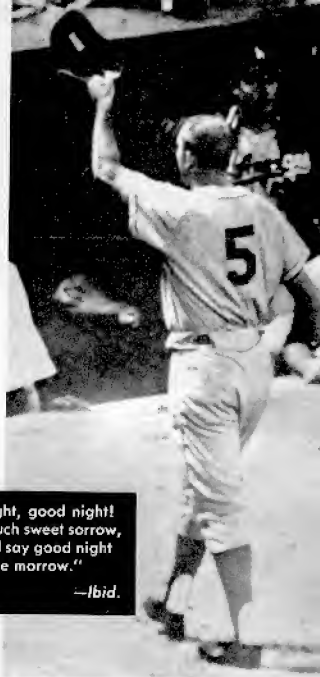


"My dismal scene I needs
must act alone."

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV,
Scene 3



"I would have thee gone—"
—*Romeo and Juliet*,
Act II, Scene 2



"Good night, good night!
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night
till it be morrow."

—*Ibid.*

Continued



"This was the most unkindest cut of all."
—*Julius Caesar*, Act III, Scene 2

Bard's Ball

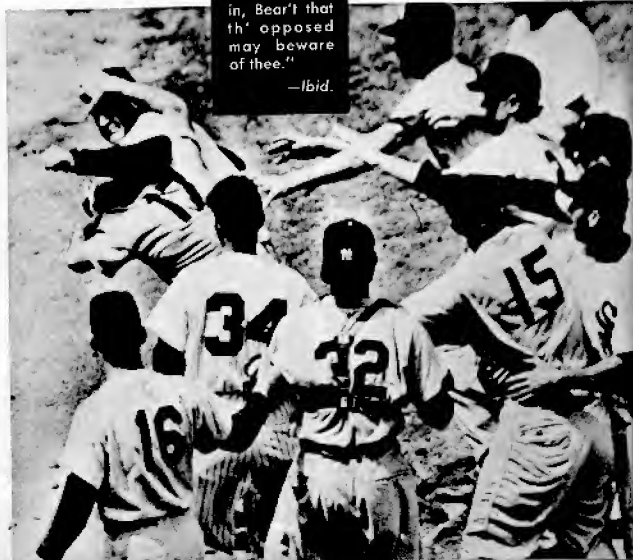


"Beware of entrance to a quarrel . . .
—Hamlet, Act I, Scene 3



"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my imagination it is!"

—Hamlet, Act V, Scene 1



... but being in, Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee."

—Ibid.

A Very Social Worker Indeed

Rosalind was a perfect beauty, which made a man wonder—why was she doing charity work?

FICTION / BY BILL ROBERTS

ALLERTON'S nodding head was about to go down for the third and certainly last time when the woman in the tweed suit in the first row turned halfway in her chair and crossed her legs.

Allerton straightened in his chair, changed his position and crossed his legs. He'd been desperate for something that would keep him awake and now he had the most unexpected reason possible considering where he was.

It wasn't just the legs. Not at all. Good legs weren't at all uncommon with these do-gooder babes. Completely beautiful women were uncommon, anywhere—and this one was completely beautiful. Her face was classical. The marvelously-white skin and the high ridges of cheek bone set the dark eyes off perfectly. Her dark well-groomed hair was cut short but for once Allerton didn't mind that. Her figure was well covered by the handsome tweed suit, but there were promises there that no suit could hide from an old hand like Allerton.

As he stared, she turned and looked back, saw him looking and smiled. And his last concern, the fear that she was as stern as she first appeared, vanished.

She is absolutely perfect, Allerton decided as he relaxed in his chair, but what in the world was she doing at this wake?



Probably her reasons were as good as his, he decided. As vice-president in charge of Special Events for Lane Publications, he was obliged to attend just about every charitable function where more than five people had gathered.

Warden, the new general manager, had made that clear when he told Allerton why he was the only vice-president being held over from the old crowd. "A guy like you is good for the house, Allerton," he'd said. "You look like a publisher in the movies does. Tall, distinguished-looking. So you're going to be our tie with the old days. That means I want you to get around and..."

If he'd been like the guy in the movies, Allerton reflected, at just that stage of the monologue, he would've stood up, told Warden to go jump and left to start his own publishing house. Even the thought of such folly made Allerton uncomfortable and he changed position again.

This was a big affair, so Tweed Suit could be from any one of the several groups sponsoring the drive. No doubt she was from New York too. Only New York women looked just like that. Or was that just a chauvinistic bit of propaganda he'd heard so often he now accepted it unconsciously.

Now the speaker had stopped talking and the mistress of ceremonies was announcing that the meeting was over and was talking about the time

BACKTALK

FAT VS. LEAN

Dear ACE:

As a woman who is married to a fat man I can tell you that Dr. Robert White was right in his article, "Are You Eating Yourself Sexless?" (Ed. Note: May, 1964 Ace.) My husband was a virile, lean, 150-pound man when I married him, ten years ago, now the slob is 200 pounds and just wants to eat and sleep. I stuck a copy of your magazine, clipped to the page, in his lunch box the other day, and I hope he takes the hint!

Mrs. R.J.
Bakersfield, Calif.

Dear ACE:

Am I eating myself sexless? Your article in the May issue was all wet! I weigh in at a neat 260 pounds and if you skinny runts think I don't have what it takes I'll gladly give you the names of at least a dozen girls in this town who'll tell you otherwise!

Robert Gratan
Fond du Lac, Wis.

(ED: Next time we're in the neighborhood, Bob, you can bet we'll give you a call for that list!)

Dear ACE:

As a medical student I congratulate you on the accurate statements made in your article on the weight factor in sex drive. But you left out one of the most important experiments conducted some years ago along these lines with rats. It was found that a rat, equally and forcibly starved for both food and sex will, when offered both under control conditions—always go for the food. And so it is with humans. The hunger drive is stronger than even the sex drive, and, psychologically, the oral sexual satisfaction that is a concomitant of eating further sates the hungry person. Fat people therefore, aside from other considerations, have a more persistent hunger drive than sex drive.

James R. Donovan
New York, N.Y.

Dear ACE:

Hey—how about fat women? My experience has been that they have a stronger sex drive than the skinny ones. Am I right?

Harry Flaminio
Baltimore, Md.

(ED: Good question. We're starting our own personal survey. Watch future editions for the results.)

THE LAW AND THE LEWD

Dear ACE:

Hooray for the Supreme Court for re-establishing our rights of free press and freedom to read and see what we like! In your article in the May issue, which you had the guts to print, you properly point out that magazines and movies deserve the same rights as novelists, not to mention certain advertising people. In my opinion a man has the right to read what he wants without any government telling him it's against the law! Keep fighting for those rights!

J. K. Landsbury
Salem, Ore.

Dear ACE:

Say what you want about censorship, it's here to stay no matter what the Supreme Court rules, and a good thing, too. Know why? Because if Hollywood could do what some of those foreign films do with nudity you can bet they'd bring out even worse films than they do now, relying on sheer nudity to sell. So who needs it?

Jeremy Taylor
Miami, Fla.

(ED: Somebody must.)

DIVORCE, AMERICAN STYLE

Dear ACE:

Fascinating bit, that story in the May issue on divorcing your wife for a hundred bucks. Only it's a sad commentary that divorce is such an accepted fact these days that they're trying to make it cheaper for the common man. Like buying new cars

every couple of years. Maybe if they made it too expensive, people would have to try and work things out and more marriages would stay together. For better or for worse, remember?

R. V. Haydn
Chicago, Ill.

(ED: Point well taken, and we agree the mounting divorce rate is sad to contemplate, but for better or for worse can be worse than happily married people may realize. Mr. Haydn sounds like a happily married man.)

FOR THE RECORD:

Dear ACE:

Are you guys putting us on? I dig the girls in your magazine, which I read regularly, but you mean to tell me Sue Kent really digs poets like Ginsberg?

Jimmy King
Athens, N.Y.

(ED: Why not? The old nonsense about beauties having no brains went out with the vaudeville and chorus girl days. Sue happens to be one of the most articulate, well-read gals we've ever known.)

Dear ACE:

Congrats on those World's Fair beauties in your July issue! Guarantee me attractions like those gals and I'll pitch a tent outside and go every day!

Mel Flagstone
Syracuse, U.

Dear ACE:

The implication you make in your July issue that those "nudie" movies needn't have plots is typical superficial stupidity. You men's magazine editors are all alike. Never mind such things as plot, message, technique, etc., so long as there are girls around—and the less they wear the better—it's okay with you!

R. V. Fletcher
Augusta, Me.

(ED: Yeah.)



and place of the next meeting and it was all so much droning to Allerton who had all his attention directed at Mrs.—it couldn't possibly be Miss Tweed Suit.

She was on her feet now and he was delighted to see that she was taller than she had looked sitting down. And as he moved towards her and she started for the door, he saw she was alone.

He was abreast of her when they were still six feet from the elevator.

"Inspirational talk, wasn't it?" he said. That was a real thigh-slapper but he had to move slowly.

She turned, gave him that smile again and said, "Yes. I do believe it will help us."

Then they were standing, waiting and he was saying, "I'm from out of town and I know nothing about the restaurants here. Could you recommend one?"

"The hotel dining room is good," she said pleasantly, with no enthusiasm.

"I'll be-wager you're not going to lunch there."

"No, I'm not," she smiled.

Now the elevator door was opening. They rode to the lobby in silence.

She was off before him and as she turned to say goodbye, Allerton made his bid. "Would you be good enough to have lunch with me? And before you say no, remember that charity begins in the committee room."

She laughed. "Certainly. I'd enjoy that very much. I'm just not sure you'll like the place where I'm going."

"I'm sure I will," Allerton said. "Lead on."

They were still playing Alphonse and Gaston with that when they reached the door of the restaurant. As Allerton reached for the door, realization hit him. Pietro's! Good Lord, man, he couldn't go in.

But she was already inside and Pietro himself was meeting her. A very erect Allerton joined them.

Pietro, good old Pietro, gave no sign of recognition. Neither did Benito, their waiter, who had helped Allerton into more taxis than he himself had ever been in.

Allerton usually had four martinis at lunch and with an afternoon meeting awaiting him, he'd been thinking of upping his quota to six. But when Rosalind—her name was Rosalind Hanforth—ordered the entire lunch, including a wine, he cancelled all ideas about the martinis.

With the exception of the cheeses, it was just the lunch he would order at Pietro's. And she more than made up for the missing martinis. She was a widow, no children. She had her own small public relations business that kept her in spending

money, she told him, but she devoted most of her time to charity work.

From each other they went on to books and plays and travel and a dozen other subjects. It was all wonderful.

Through it all Allerton had stolen looks at the clock on the far wall and had hoped she wouldn't see how late it was getting. But just before three she glanced at her watch and said, "You'll be late for your meeting."

"Oh, it's really not important—"

"It is important!" She was on her feet now. "I envy you the opportunity to attend. But I'm afraid I have to do some work."

Allerton, fumbling through his wallet, not knowing how many bills he was putting on the table, felt the coldness in her voice. He'd messed up that one, he was sure. And how was he going to straighten himself out?

She took care of that when, as she started to leave him, she said, "I do hope you'll make the breakfast meeting in the morning."

He certainly would.

Later, in the meeting room, he thought of her and began to laugh. He'd really be in a fix married to a woman like that. He'd be on the charity circuit night and day. Still, she was certainly a handsome woman and she looked even better stacked against the horde of matrons that had pursued him since Elizabeth's death.

At last the meeting was over and he was at the bar in the side street café—the hotel bar was out of the question—with his martinis. After his second, he made a phone call. When he identified himself, the other party was quite surprised. "Aren't those people I sent you to taking care of you?" he asked indignantly.

"Yes, yes," Allerton assured him, "but I'm a little tired of blondes. I'd like someone I could take out in public if I felt like it."

"All right. Give me your number and I'll call you right back."

Minutes later Allerton was back at the bar, smugly sipping another martini. That was the nice thing about doing business with established people, he reflected. A minimum of questions and no nonsense. Just carry out the orders.

Thirty minutes later he was whistling his way up the stairs of the Tunis Club. A mention to the head waiter that "Miss Rose Howe is expecting me" and then he was being led across the main dining room towards one of the small dining alcoves.

She was looking away from him and she had on a wide-brim hat that hid her face but he recognized her. And as soon as he (Cont. on page 75)

The Skin Diva



Practicing with rubber suit at a friend's pool
Beth finds it's easier to get into than out of one.



Though singing and playing the piano since she was seven, she's just getting her feet wet in showbiz.



Beth has never sung under these conditions before
but she has had much experience as a skin diver.



Beth is from Monahans, Texas, where she worked
with her father in a musical antiques business.





Making the big jump from classical singing to pop, Beth King just has to be called Queen of the Novelty Songstresses. At California's Largo Beach Club this ex-diva does a singing skin-diving routine—right down to her skin!

Of course we may be all wet—but we're predicting that Beth's routine will make her the sensation of the Sunset Strip and catapult her toward showbiz heights as a straight and sultry singer of rhythm and blues.



HOLLYWOOD AND THOSE JET SET PARTIES

(Continued from page 16)

week, ineffectual men. I suppose that's how they see life, but I don't. The women I meet aren't that way, nor are the men. And those leading men! I suspect they room with the playwrights. Even on stage they resemble the boy we all used to call a sissy, the one who always cried and wouldn't fight."

And in Hollywood?

"Once," Peter reminisced fondly. "A girl could get someplace if she worked hard, learned her trade, met the right people—and was willing to accommodate them. It's tough on girls these days. What are they going to do? The directors who used to put them encouragingly on the fanny are all gone. Now directors pet the leading men and they giggle in appreciation. To get along in movies today an actor has to act like one of Polly Adler's employees. Sort of male starlets."

"And if they don't get the right agent, they're through. I mean the kind who can dream up a kooky name, which nowadays is akin to running up a signal flag."

"Does this situation prevail in every aspect of the movie industry?"

"Absolutely. Casting, agents, directors, producers: You name it. Have you ever seen as many pale-faced, blonde boys in your life? And when they portray tough-guys or cowboys, especially on TV, it becomes ludicrous. You know, once it was a big kick for a girl to be seen in her slip in pictures. No more. Now all you see is men taking off their shirts and showing their muscles. They don't do that for the woman in the audience..." And so

on and so on.

Howard's propensity for things dramatic comes naturally, to hear him tell it, though his career is of comparatively short duration.

"I've been an actor all my life," he points out. "In some of the circles in which I've functioned every moment is an act, or else survival is impossible."

But his professional career didn't begin until 1961 when John Houseman cast him in a play called "The Days of the Dancing," which costarred Jan Sterling and Dennis Hopper. Peter played an international playboy. "I almost didn't get the part," he laughed. "They didn't think I was the type. But then who is? Anyway, after a few days rehearsal they were convinced I was not the type and canned me. Just from that role. Then I was recast in one of those tough-guy parts complete with black leather jacket and motorcycle boots. What a kick that was!"

His Thespian future launched, Howard next appeared in an Italian picture filmed in Hollywood and aptly titled, "Smog," the only American in the cast. His next picture was "At War With the Peace Corps."

"Great titles," Peter gloated, the ice cubes clinking in his glass. "I like pictures with kooky titles. Did you know," he asked between sips, "that I made *Confidential* on three different occasions?" There was genuine pride in his voice when he spoke. I made a note. "And I'm accident prone. There was the paper bag thing."

What paper bag thing?

"On the Via Veneto. It was just an ordinary old paper bag. Brown. Inoffensive, but in my path as I walked along. So I kicked it and broke my toe. There was a brick inside."

"And once I had an impromptu engagement with a marble-topped chest in my apartment. The chest won and I required thirteen stitches. I think all this sort of thing occurs because I got off on the wrong foot. I was born backwards, you see."

I saw, all right.

Until he was bitten by the acting bug, Peter Howard spent most of his time abroad, nine months out of every year. He was well-equipped for the nomadic life, being proficient in Italian and French.

"And Swahili," he added seriously. "I learned it during my three African safaris. I own all sorts of trophies. Elephant heads, or is it feet? and rhino horns—did you know that ground rhino horn is thought to be an aphrodisiac in the Orient? I've got a couple of elephant tusks but I don't know what to do with them. They're too heavy to hang on the wall."

Schooled in both America and Europe, Peter has been around the world three times. An expert photographer, he has worked for *Look*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Theatre Arts* magazines. Somehow, all his serious accomplishments seem to be forgotten or overlooked by people, he complains.

"They treat me as if I'm some kind of a screwball." He finished his scotch and suppressed a smile. "Did I mention my newest pet, Lancelot, the ocelot? What normal red-blooded American boy wouldn't want one?"

It was a good question.

THE CHINAMAN BUTTON

(Continued from page 38)

chosen this name as his alias.) "Hope I didn't keep you waiting long."

He was a big shambling man, not at ease in the velvet plushness of the restaurant. Roundfaced, eyes the color of loyalty. Amiable expression. But when his dog-friendly smile faded, Thurbold saw the familiar grooves and patterns deposited by the aches and pains of living.

"Kind of you to lunch with me," Thurbold said. "I would have called at your home, but I didn't want to disturb your wife and children. You have how many children, Mr. Van Haas?"

"Four," the man grinned. "A step-

ladder. Two, four, six, eight. Did you say you were from Rees, Louw, and—? Sorry, I can't pronounce the last name. My grandparents were Hollanders, but the rest of us are strictly Yanks."

"No," Thurbold said. "I don't come from the attorneys in Johannesburg. But I wanted to talk to you about their letter."

"Frankly, we couldn't figure it out, Millie and me. I don't remember any relatives in South Africa. I spoke to my father in Allentown, but he didn't know of any either."

Thurbold crossed his legs. "I can tell you something about this mysterious relative. The relationship is

a distant one. Even if I told you the name, it wouldn't mean anything to you."

"But you know his name?"

"It's my business to know such things. My informant was a clerk in the offices of Rees, Louw & Pienaar. So even if those gentlemen are reluctant to explain their interest in you, I'd be glad to do so."

"Swell. I'd sure like to know."

"His business," Thurbold said, "is diamonds. He came to South Africa when he was a boy. He's widowed, with no children. He is very rich, and has only one traceable heir."

"Wait a minute," Van Haas said. "You mean I've actually got a rich uncle in South Africa?"

"Not an uncle. A mere in-law, many times removed."

Van Haas laughed. "That's in-

credible. I mean, if there was a possibility of a large inheritance, why didn't the lawyers say something about it?"

"Because," Thurbold said, "there was nothing to say. Rees, Louw & Pienaar were performing a routine function, putting the gentleman's will in good order. Undoubtedly, they'll re-draw it sooner or later, in favor of a closer relation—a new wife, for instance. You see, your rich relative is only forty-one, and in excellent health. How old are you, Mr. Van Haas?"

"Forty-three." He swallowed, and grinned lamely. "So that's all it is, huh? Just routine?"

"No," Thurbold said. "It doesn't have to be. Not if you're willing to listen to some plain talk."

He hitched his chair closer. "Mr. Van Haas," he said, "this stranger, seven thousand miles away, means nothing to you until he's dead. Do you agree?"

"I suppose I have to."
"In that troubled country, with its apartheid and civil disturbances, violent death is perhaps more frequent than in other places. Never-

theless, this wealthy relative of yours has every chance of outliving you. And your chances for living a life of security, ease, and luxury are pretty slim."

"You don't have to rub it in," Van Haas said wryly.

"But listen carefully. What if I told you that this man will be dead next week, and that his estate will be yours?"

"Well, I'd be sorry for the guy, of course."

"Sorry about a man you don't know?"

"Well, he's a human being."

"Please tell the truth. How would you feel?"

"Great!" Van Haas blurted out. "I'm human, too, aren't I? How would you feel?"

"Great," Thurbold grinned. "Naturally. And that's why I came to see you. To arrange that event, without trouble on your part, without obligation until you're completely satisfied."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"All you have to do is say yes. Just that word. In a short time, you'll receive another letter from

South Africa, reporting the sad news of the unfortunate death of—"

"Hold it!" Van Haas bellowed.

"Are you talking about—"

"Please don't shout," Thurbold said stiffly. "I'm making this as easy for you as pressing a button. If you give your approval, my agents in Johannesburg will be contacted within a few hours. The rest will be handled simply and with despatch. All you will have to do is wait for the official notification of your inheritance. When the money arrives, of course, I'll expect payment, to the amount of forty percent of the total. By a rough guess, I'd say that total should be well over a million U.S. dollars."

Van Haas' blue eyes were enlarged. "My God, I think you mean it! You believe I'd really—"

"I believe you have scruples," Thurbold said gravely, "but I also think you have sense. Now if you wish to talk this over with your wife—"

"I wouldn't even tell Millie this dirty story! The answer's no, Mr. Werner, absolutely no!"

"I didn't expect you to say yes,"

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Thurbold said, rising. "Not first crack out of the box. You think it over, and then give me a call at the Florentine Hotel on 51st Street. I can be reached any time this evening after eight, but don't call me after midnight, my sleeping habits are regular."

"Don't wait," Van Haas seethed. "I'm giving you the answer right now. Don't bother to wait, Mr. Werner."

"All you have to do is say yes," Thurbold smiled.

It was twenty minutes past eleven when Edmunson, carrying a bottle of Scotch, came out of the kitchen in Thurbold's housekeeping suite at the Hotel Florentine.

"He won't call," he announced firmly. "You got the wrong patsy, Dick."

"He'll call," Thurbold said, holding up his glass.

"Why'd you say midnight? Why give him a deadline?"

"Because he needed one. We all need one, or we can postpone our decisions forever. He's watching the clock right now, just like us, watching the hand move towards twelve. He's thinking how simple it would be, just to pick up the phone and call. That's the best part, you know, how easy it all is. Just press the button and we do the rest." He laughed.

At twenty minutes to twelve, Thurbold said:

"I can see our friend this minute. He's locked himself up someplace, in the den, or the bathroom, and he's telling himself all the reasons why he shouldn't say yes. Then he wonders if he's really being fair to his wife. He remembers all the little deprivations she suffers, all the promises he made to her when they were young, the trips to Europe, the mink coat . . . And then there are the kids, of course. Think what that money would mean to them, to their future! Oh, he's really moved by the thought of the kids . . ."

But at ten minutes to midnight, the phone was silent.

"He's not thinking of himself, of course," Thurbold said. "He doesn't count, the things he would like to do, the places he wants to see, the car he wants to own, the nice smug feeling of security he could have with a pile of money swelling with interest in some big bank that never thought he was worth more than a calendar at Christmas . . ."

At five minutes to twelve, Thurbold began to mutter.

"I made it so easy for him, so absolutely painless. Easier than scratching along on a paycheck shot full of deductions, easier than bowing and scraping every day of life to people whose guts he hates. Can't he see that?"

"No," Edmunson said, now staring glassy-eyed at the telephone. "He can't see it, not Van Haas."

"He will!" Thurbold said, at three

minutes to twelve. "He can't help himself. He's getting panicky. He sees the whole thing slipping away from him, he's telling himself that he's stupid, that the damned Chinaman doesn't mean anything to him, that he's got a bigger duty, to his wife, to his kids, yes, even to himself."

"Two minutes," Edmunson said.

"It's no concern of his, what happens seven thousand miles away. He doesn't have to dirty his hands, all he has to do is press a button . . ."

"You lose, Dick," Edmunson said flatly. "You lose."

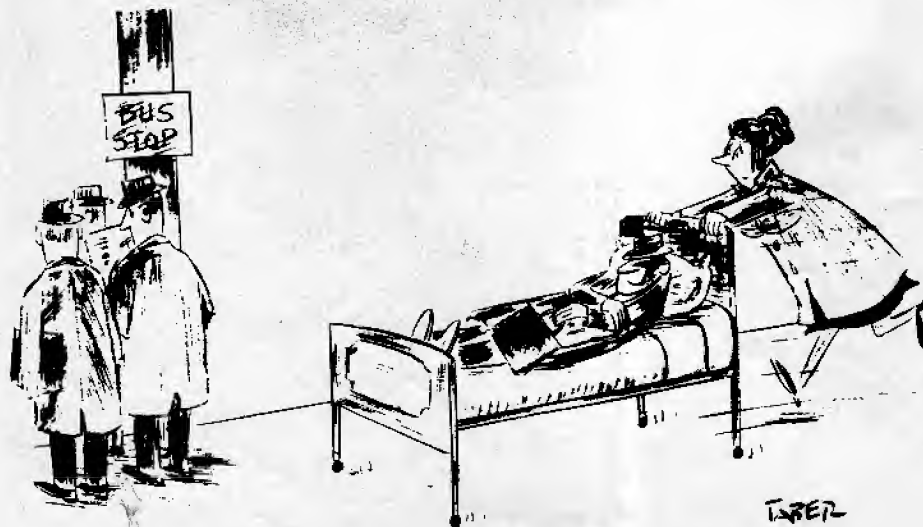
But the telephone was ringing. Thurbold picked it up slowly. The voice in the receiver was hoarse and strained, and it said:

"This is Walter Van Haas."

Thurbold had planned to check out of his suite at the Florentine the next afternoon, but he found the atmosphere to his liking and decided to extend his visit another day. That night, in the hotel bar, he met a long-legged sociable blonde who made him decide to linger even longer.

On Saturday morning, he had just completed a delicious hot shower when a knock brought him to the door, and he found himself looking into Van Haas' haggard face and no longer innocent blue eyes.

"I'm sorry," Van Haas murmured. "I found out your room number and sneaked up the back way. I was





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afraid if the desk clerk called you wouldn't see me."

"You were right," Thurbold said, drawing the terrycloth robe about him. "I told you I'd contact you when necessary."

"I have to talk to you. May I come in?"

Thurbold, annoyed at this anticlimax, let him enter. He went to the dressing table mirror and began stroking his hair vigorously with twin military brushes. "If you've changed your mind, it's too late," he said. "The thing's over and done with."

"I know that," Van Haas said. "I understand perfectly. I just wanted to find out how everything went."

"Flawlessly. All you have to do is wait for the good news."

In the mirror, he could see the twin points of light in Van Haas' eyes.

"It's funny, you know?" he said. "It was torture for me to make that phone call, absolute torture. But when it was over, when I hung up, I felt light as a feather..."

"Yes," Thurbold said. "It was easy, wasn't it?"

"Easy! Yes, that's the right word. I never knew anything could be so easy. It did something for me, it changed me. I saw how stupid I'd been all my life, it made me see how foolish people are, to waste the one chance they're given... I could have gone to my grave not knowing that, I owe that to you."

"You're welcome," Thurbold said dryly. "Now if you'll excuse me."

"I felt like a giant," Van Haas said. "It felt as if I could move mountains. I thought I was happy before, that I was getting what I wanted out of life, but now I know how wrong I was. I was a coward, a weakling."

But once you showed me the way, I knew I could do anything..."

Thurbold faced him. "Go home, Mr. Van Haas," he said. "The less we see of each other, the better. When the money arrives, I'll call you about my share."

He turned away, and heard Van Haas laugh.

"Yes. Your share."

The words made Thurbold curious enough to look at the man again, and thereby enabled him to see the blurred arc of the stubby hammer that Van Haas had withdrawn from his topcoat pocket. The first blow killed him. Van Haas dragged Thurbold's body back to the bathroom that was still steamy warm from the recent shower, and propped the bruised head against the rim of the tub in the simulation of a fall. Then he left the hotel, and went home to wait for the afternoon mail. ●

LOVE BY THE BOOK

(Continued from page 45)

"Call me Ronald."
"All right... Ronald."

So it was that at ten o'clock that night they were lingering over their coffee in one of those mid-Manhattan restaurants so calculatedly dark that only a Braille student can tell what he's eating. His eyes smarting from the smoke circulated by the air conditioner, his blood pumping through his body on a whizz-bang tour generated by three pre-dinner martinis, Ronald was eyeing the neckline peephole at Susie's bosom and going over his notes in his mind, looking for a place to begin. "The Initial Ploy"—the heading popped into his mind—and then came the paragraph he'd penned a few days before.

"Start with that which you have in common; your mutual business life. Compliment her on her work. Let her know she's appreciated. Imply that the future holds great things for her."

"Been keeping you pretty busy lately, Susie, huh?" said Ronald.
"Oh, I don't mind. It makes the day go faster."

"Been meaning to tell you what a bang-up job I think you've been doing on the typing."

"Why, thank you."

"Typing and filing and getting queries out and all; I just marvel at the way you manage to get everything done. I want you to know I appreciate it; really do."

"My goodness. You're making me blush."

"Yessir. And things are going to

get a lot better for me soon. And I just want you to know, Susie, that when they get better for me, they're going to get better for you too."

"Do tell?" She was looking at him peculiarly, but he was too intent to notice.

Ronald paid the check and got in a cab with Susie to take her home. His mind kept working. "Point out to her that the rapport that's been built up between you goes beyond the confines of mere business," he'd written. "Let her know that you're interested in her as a person, not just an office machine. Then, when you're got things on a man-woman basis, that's the time to make your first overt move."

Ronald settled back in the taxicab and draped his arm casually over Susie's shoulder. "You know, Susie," he said, "this relationship we've built up working together sort of goes beyond just business. Know what I mean?"

"Yes, I think I do," she said slowly, looking at him out of the corner of her eye.

"You've become more than just a secretary to me. I'm dependent on you in a lot of ways. Coffee in the morning, reminding me to get a haircut, things like that. What I mean is I have a real warm feeling towards you as a person."

"I know what you mean."

"Do you? Gee, I hope so. Because, to tell the truth, I want you to look at me as something more than just a guy you happen to work for. I want

you to consider me as a man, too."

"Oh, I do."

"Me, man; you, woman," Ronald grinned.

"Ahh, you've noticed that too." She clapped her hands.

"Have I!" He wrapped himself around her and kissed her soundly. Their teeth clicked sharply as the taxi braked to a halt.

Following her up the stairs to her third floor walk-up, Ronald skipped the padding in his article and concentrated on remembering the meat at the end. "Timing is important," he'd pointed out. "If she doesn't invite you in for a nightcup when you reach her door at the end of a date, quickly ask her if you might come in for a drink of water. You're her boss, and she won't want to deny your thirst. Once inside, take your coat off and sit down. Make it obvious that you're making yourself at home. This way you'll establish the proper atmosphere to begin your main pitch."

Susie was already fumbling with the key to her door when Ronald came puffing up the last flight of stairs behind her. "I wonder if I might have a—" he began, still gasping a little for breath.

"—glass of water," she finished for him sweetly. "Why, of course. Come on in."

Ronald followed her inside, threw his coat over a chair and settled on the sofa while she went into the kitchen for the water.

"That's right, make yourself comfortable," she purred, handing him the glass.

Casually, Ronald reached over and switched on the radio, fishing around until he had some soft music.

"Music. How nice," Susie simpered. "And shall I sit right here?" She perched closely beside him on the couch. "There. Now we're all comfy-cozy."

"The big pitch should begin with a kiss. This should be quickly followed with a caress before there is a chance for resistance to become organized. Remember that your boss-secretary relationship has already established a psychological advantage giving you the upper hand. This will help the male in his traditional role of aggressor. At some point further along the secretary may demur at going all the way. When this happens, be firm in pointing out that you're both adult, sophisticated people and that to deny yourselves the pleasure of sex would be the rankest hypocrisy. This should carry you through the bedroom door."

Ronald grabbed Susie and kissed her.

"Not so fast," she said breathlessly as they broke apart.

Ronald kissed her again. This time he latched on to one heaving breast like a crab digging into the sunburned skin of a swimmer's leg.

"Ouch!" said Susie. "Not so rough."

"Sorry." Ronald eased up, but reminded himself to remain aggressive. He reached under her skirt and kneaded the top-flesh just above Susie's stocking-top. After that things happened fast. He kept pushing; she responded. Finally a crucial garment rested in a little pile of silk at her ankles and sighs and moans hung in the air.

That's when she pushed him away. "No. We've got to stop. It isn't right!" she said, the corners of her mouth twitching.

"Susie," panted Ronald, "let's be adult about this. Let's remember we're sophisticated. There's no virtue in denying ourselves mutual pleasure. Admit it. I want you; you want me. To deny it, to forego the fulfillment of our desire, would be rank hypocrisy."

"Rankest," said Susie.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. It was just something I remembered. You're right, Ronald. Give me a minute." She rose, looked at him coyly and went into the bedroom.

After awhile, Ronald heard muffled sound like sobbing, or—could it be?—laughing. "Is everything all right?" he called.

There was a little pause and then Susie answered. "Yes, everything's fine. Just give me a minute, and then you can come in." It was more like five minutes before she called again. "All right. I'm ready now."

Ronald threw open the bedroom door and then stopped in his tracks, his jaw hanging open. Susie was completely dressed; she'd even repaired her makeup. She sat in a straight

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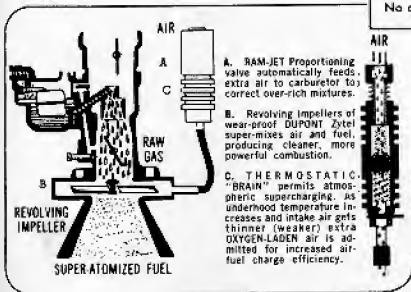
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'I'm not a beatnik—I'm a bum!'

advised "If you don't, she'll peg you as a square." So, as he watched, Ronald was repeating certain key words over to himself. "Cool-split-pad-cat - hipster - swinger - blast!" etc. - so went his litany.

Finally he spotted a likely-looking girl sitting alone at a table, gathered up his courage and went over to her. "Okay if I park here?" he asked.

"Be my guest."

She had rag-doll hair, straight and moppety. Her face was Beat-fashionable—high-cheekboned, purse-lipped and without makeup. Snug leotards testified to shapely legs and a firm, well-formed derriere. Twin-mounds jiggled interestingly against a loose man's shirt. She was reading "Saint Genet" by Sartre and nursing a cup of espresso down to the bitter dregs.

"You dig existentialism?" Ronald asked after awhile.

"The most." She looked up from her book.

"Be prepared to discuss the current in-things," Ronald had advised. "Bone up on Norman Mailer, chocolate-covered grasshoppers, Zen, modern art from Picasso to Kandinsky, the classical music of Hindemith and the jazz improvisations of Thelonius Monk. Pay particular attention to existentialism, a favorite topic with beat chicks."

So they talked about existentialism, which enabled Ronald to interject such hiply penetrating remarks as "Mailer really leads the vanguard of the American movement, but sometimes I have the feeling he's perverting Sartre's basic philosophy," and "Zen is a spiritual approach to Nirvana, differing from the existential approach significantly in its lack of pragmatism" and "Kandinsky expresses existential thought in the art medium much the same as Monk does through music, but Hindemith is too orderly, too much a musical Camus, to descend to the really cool existential level."

Around the time he was trying to figure out how to work chocolate-covered grasshoppers into the conversation, he bought her a cup of espresso and they swapped names. Hers was Nadine Raleigh. They kept talking and her intent gaze told him a successful rapport was being established. Finally he noticed that the place was beginning to empty out.

"I guess it's time to split," he said. "It's a shame, because I really dig what you've been saying and I'd like to gloat where it's leading you." Ronald paid the check. "Can I see you to your pad?" he asked then.

"Good-O," she agreed.

"How about I come in and we split a weed while I hear you out?" he asked when they'd reached her place.

"You really want to dig this scene all the way, huh?" Nadine observed, pleased at his interest in what she'd been saying.

"Like crazy."

"Having established an intellectual rapport, lead up to the topic of sex. Discussing sex will be erotically stimulating. Words will lead to action."

Settling down over a couple of glasses of chianti, Ronald put his advice into practice. "It's the organically existential implications of what you've been saying that I find really hip," he observed. "They pierce through all the intellectualities and get down to the basics. What I mean is, I swing that way on a personal level, but not many chicks seem to dig."

"Oh, I do," she murmured. "The free sex experience is an essential first step."

"You're my kinda cat," Ronald told her and quickly followed it up with a kiss. Several kisses later they were intertwined on the couch so intimately that it would have been difficult at first glance to tell who was wearing the leotards and who was wearing the pants. What with such abandonment approaching its peak, Ronald decided the moment had come to press for a conclusion.

"Remember always to stay in character and to follow a direct line of wooing," he had cautioned.

"Now for the existential nadir," he whispered in her ear. "Now for the cool Nirvana."

"Oh, yes, Daddy-O. Yes! Yes! Yes!" She pushed him away, eyes glowing zealously, and bounded across the room.

"Hey! Where you going?"

"The existential nadir!" Her voice was exalted. "The cool, cool Nirvana!"

"It takes two to—" Ronald began. "Oh, you meant sex," she said, the word falling from her lips like dirty laundry being gingerly dangled from fastidious fingers.

"You dig me. After all, you said 'the free sex experience is an essential first step.'"

"Check. First step. I've taken that step so many times I don't have to any more. I can skip it now and go straight to Nirvana."

"Then why all the panting build-up?" Ronald was beginning to get angry.

"Oh, that always puts me in the mood. It jazzes up my senses. It gets my emotions and my body ready for the ultimate."

"The ultimate—That's what I had in mind."

"Oh, you're square. You don't dig at all. When you're a cat who's gone all the way like me, you know sex isn't the answer. Not when you've learned the short-cut to Other-Being-ness."

"What short cut?"

"Why, Yoga, of course." And with this Nadine plopped herself down in a corner, twisted her tantalizing torso

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into an impossible pretzel, rolled back her eyeballs and plunged into what well may have been an ecstatic trance.

Ronald stood and watched her for what seemed like a very long time. She didn't move so much as a muscle. When he heard the noise of milk bottles being distributed, he sighed to himself and gave up. He left the pad, tiptoeing, as befitted the hushed scene of Nirvana he was departing.

So it was back to the typewriter, which provided some small amount of re-nurturing for his bruised ego. But Ronald was a man obsessed now with living up to his livelihood. And, with each piece he wrote, he was impelled to prove that there was truth in his words.

Thus the night after he finished "How to Make a Model," he was acting on his advice that "as she knows she's beautiful, one should always compliment a model on her intelligence" with the stupidest of dumb blondes, a bikini-pose named Taffy Turpin. As might have been expected, the situation became unexpectedly sticky with the appearance of a 'desdem-dose' character who turned out to be footing her bills. Ronald grabbed his socks and ran for the hills.

His next amatory impulse was prompted by the writing of "Yes, It's True What They Say About Chinese

Women." Alas, Ronald never found out whether it was true or not. Just as his campaign to do right by a Wong named Teena had reached the crucial point he was seized with a sudden attack of excruciatingly painful stomach cramps, brought on, doubtless, by eight straight nights of eating Egg Foo Yong while frustrating himself with the Chinese puzzle of just where the hell that slit was in Teena's kimono. She'd solved the puzzle for him, but too late. He never recovered from the embarrassment of his mad dash to the john, and the hours of absence which necessarily followed made both their hearts grow bitter. So Ronald grunted to himself Kipling-esquely that "never the twain shall meet," and went back to his typewriter.

Here, soon after, he was punching the keys for "Suburban Sex Made Easy," or "Why Wives Make the Best Mistresses." Again his syndrome manifested itself. The result was that one night Ronald found himself commuting to Long Island for an agreed-upon sex session with a hot-eyed housewife named Mrs. Peter Potter. "It can be divine on the divan," Ronald had quipped in his article.

He soon learned that he'd neglected to take certain factors into consideration—factors like the telephone resting on the end-table alongside the couch. The first call—coming just as he was fathoming the mystery of de-clasping Mrs. Potter's bra—was from the chairman of her Cancer Care committee. The second one—destroying all the effort they'd put into arriving at a mutually comfortable position—was in reference to the cookies she'd promised to bake for the local P.T.A. The third one—plucking him away at just the crucial moment—was from Mr. Peter Potter, asking his wife to be sure his suit was pressed as he had an important business meeting the following day.

Just as she hung up from this one, Mrs. Peter Potter's two little Potters came traipsing down the stairs in quest of an unscheduled bottle for one of them. While Mrs. Peter Potter was preparing it, the tykes crawled up on the knees of Ronald's hastily hoisted pants and demanded that he tell them a story. That did it. Ronald caught the 9:17 back to the city, disillusioned forevermore with suburban sex.

More than that, he was disillusioned with himself. Obviously, he'd been writing through his hat. Well, he'd probably go on doing it, he decided. After all, he had to make a living. But he didn't have to go on making an ass out of himself eating his words. So Ronald made up his mind to forego the fair sex, at least for the time being.

In keeping with this decision, he

decided to go out and get drunk. Shunning the idea of becoming involved with a woman, he chose a bar frequented by writers and editors for this purpose. Never had he seen a beat chick, a glamor model, a Chinese girl, or a housewife within its premises. Only rarely had he seen a female of any category there.

As it turned out, this was one of those rare nights. Ronald was pretty far gone, along about his sixth martini, when he noticed the girl at the other end of the bar. She must have been sitting there drinking for quite awhile, judging from the tipsy angle at which she perched on the barstool. Something clicked in the back of Ronald's brain as he saw her. All the frustration of his carefully thought-out articles having brought him to naught prodded him to accost her in a frontal attack that was decidedly foreign to his nature.

He walked over to her, waited until she looked up at him, and then spoke. "You wanna go to bed with me?" he said.

"Sure," she answered.

"What?" Ronald said.

"I said sure," she repeated. "Come on. My place is just around the corner."

Dazedly, Ronald followed her out of the bar and down the street to her apartment-hotel. He followed her up the stairs, into the apartment, and into her bedroom. He followed her lead as she quickly undressed, and took off his own clothes. He got into bed with her and they made love.

When it was over, Ronald had sobered up enough to appreciate the fact that at last he'd succeeded in shucking off his unwanted virginity. However, there was a question nagging at his mind and he couldn't keep himself from asking it.

"What category are you?" he asked the girl.

"What do you mean?"

Ronald rephrased it, narrowing it down for clarity. "What's your line?" he asked. "What do you do?"

"I'm a magazine writer." She laughed a little bitterly. "Believe it or not, I write those advice pieces for women's magazines on how to live a full sex life, where to look for romance, libido satisfaction for single girls—things like that. But you know something? The more I write, the less I find I'm able to achieve any of the things I'm writing about myself. The truth is that until tonight just about everything I wrote was from imagination. Can you beat that?"

But Ronald didn't answer her. His mind was whirling off in another direction. He was already thinking up the opening phrases for his next article: "How to Score with Lady Writers!"

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THE KEY TO A BETTER LOVE LIFE

(Continued from page 9)

men were to be found among upper-class, educated males, most of whom had unrealistic, narrow views on sex; correlating it with something evil.

Depending upon the circumstances, wedding night impotence may be transitory, lasting only a short while, till the couple learn to become more comfortable with each other in the sex act, or as in the case of John W., it may last over an unduly long period. Unfortunately, it is often the root of divorce. Dr. Abraham Stone, noted marriage counsellor, comments about a case in which fulfillment of the sex act was not completed for about a year, simply because the young, naive husband was the victim of a good deal of misinformation, causing him to somehow fear the sex act.

In his case, psychotherapy proved effective, enabling him to pursue a satisfactory sex life with his bride. Few men will openly discuss wedding night impotence, thus it is not surprising that young husbands should become distraught about their early sex failure, thinking that this makes them "abnormal," not like other men. Yet even the healthiest, well adjusted man will occasionally experience transitory impotence, this due to a number of circumstances. Still, this is not cause for undue alarm, feelings of self-doubt, apprehension.

"Gee, I'm only thirty-four years old, and it looks like I'm all washed up sexually! Couple of months ago I got my kicks from sex with my wife—but most of all it's this girl I've been secretly seeing on the side—Edith—why she used to be real swell to have in bed. But now, it's all changed, I can't enjoy sex with either my wife or Edith." Ralph T. an intelligent, well dressed executive explained to the psychologist. For the past few months Ralph had been having an extra-marital affair with Edith, a tall voluptuous, seductive, blue eyed blonde. Suddenly, Ralph became impotent with his wife as well as with Edith. Luckily, his wife never found out about his torrid affair with Edith.

The sudden onset of his impotence came one evening while in the apartment of Edith. As was her custom, Edith was her sexy self, clad in a black filmy negligee, her golden blond hair flowing resplendently over her shoulders. Apprehending the curvaceousness of her fall, well developed body, the fullness of her thighs, the firmness of her breasts, Ralph's desire for her mounted, suggested that they retire to her bedroom. Moments later, both stark naked, embracing each other passionately, Ralph tried to claim her, but could not. "Honey, what's the matter with you tonight?" she queried, teasingly.

"Ralph, honey, I think you got some kind of flat tire," she added, dolefully.

From that night on his sex life went down hill. It affected his work, soon caused others to comment about the change in Ralph's disposition. Social, financial, marital problems mounted steadily, convincing Ralph that he was "going to pieces." "You're not the same man I married," his wife would wail, tearfully, during their many domestic squabbles, reproaching him for his apparent lack of affection for her.

"That's the real reason why I came to see you, Doctor, I figure that somehow I've just got to straighten out this awful mess I'm in."

"From the details of your early life, as you explained them to me, plus other vital factors, it seems apparent that you have become the victim of a self-punishment pattern," explained the psychologist.

As the doctor well knew, Ralph was conflicted by a psychological infirmity known as **extra-marital impotence**. His case was typical. Millions of otherwise healthy, vigorous young men readily become afflicted by this type of impotence if they subject themselves to circumstances that goes contrary to their early upbringing.

A good looking man, well spoken, Ralph readily attracted women. Always striving to get ahead in a highly competitive line of work, his daily schedule left him tense, weary at the end of the day. Soon after he met Edith, he had an affair with her. This made him feel high spirited, buoyant, virile. "I still love my wife, but Edith's good for me," he would reflect, trying to justify his infidelity.

But time took its toll, as it usually does in cases of extra-marital impotence. Raised in a strict, puritanical home, where sex was never mentioned, except for infrequent admonitions as to its "evil," Ralph was a virgin until the time he married. Even then, his sex life with his wife was conventional, lacking in any experimentation, desire for unusual pleasure. Experienced in the ways of sex, Edith soon changed all of that for him, introduced him into novel, pleasurable sex play.

His friendship with her made him feel worldly, uncapped a titillating mischievous side of his nature previously unknown to him. Though he was not then aware of it, Ralph felt morbidly guilty about his infidelity, his unconscious mind rebelling against his actions. This set off a time bomb.

Having strayed from the path, feeling inwardly that his affair with Edith was wrong, contrary to his strict upbringing, Ralph decided to punish himself, and, in the area

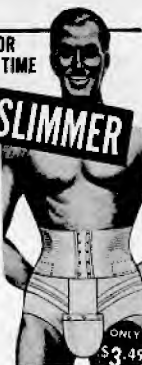
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"Of course—now I remember! Baskaway Nature Club, summer of '62!"

where he would most vitally feel it, endure mental pain. The power of the mind being what it is, his psychic processes gained the upper hand over his body, shortly to cause him sexual impotence. In time Ralph came to gain insight into this; thereafter he remained joyously potent and loyal to his wife.

Conjecturing on some of the causes of extra-marital affairs, Kinsey believed that the wife's refusal to have sex in any but the conventional manner often prompted the husband to seek another woman. In time, this produced changes in the husband's sex attitude. Fate was on Ralph's side, for his extra-marital impotence made him end his affair with Edith, before his wife could discover the truth. His marriage was saved. Dr. Harvey J. Locke, in his book *Predicting Adjustment in Marriage*, comments that suspicion, belief, knowledge that the other marital partner is unfaithful is seriously undermining of a marriage, while the belief that the other mate is faithful is highly good for a marriage. Putting it simply, Dr. Locke concludes that the less the other knows about infidelity, the better.

Tom R., a forty-five year old sales manager, balding, slightly overweight, had long suffered from fits of depression, melancholia. Within recent months he had given serious thought to suicide. For him, living was sheer agony, so that he gradually withdrew from people, avoided ordinary social contact whenever possible. "There's no hope for a man like me! I've sinned and now I'm being just plain punished for it," he

would moan hysterically, rubbing his fingers together, nervously.

Acutely sensitive to the myths, old wives tales, rumors about impotence in middle age men, Tom R. became unduly panic stricken not long ago when he was unable to satisfy his wife. "Tom—I know I should have never married a man ten years older than me," she would utter, witheringly, repeatedly, on those nights when he could not satisfy her.

This had a serious, profound effect on him, causing him to nearly have a complete mental breakdown. Fortunately, the psychotherapy restored his self-esteem, sexual potency. But there was a lot more to Tom's case than appeared on the surface. Raised on a farm, among superstitious, isolated people, his young mind was readily subjected to the various bizarre theories and rumors to which people of rural areas will sometimes subscribe.

At the little red schoolhouse he attended, he met other boys, and in their company he would listen with rapt attention to their sex talk, their lurid, exciting description about secrets of the body. From them he learned about manual self-relief. His young, developing body already raging with sexual desire, Tom frequently sought the chance to go out behind the barn, out of sight of his family.

Then came the memorable day his father caught him in the act, roared and fumed, angrily admonished his son, the older man using the razor strap unmercifully on the boy. "Boy—don't a lad like you know that it's you do a dumb animal thing like that

—you ain't gonna be any good fer a woman when you get's older! I think yer half way used up anyhow—so you ain't got much more to go to the time you haven't got anymore," the father, his face beet red, roared in a voice Tom could never forget. The episode made a deep and lasting impression on him.

Like a good many other men who are psychologically impotent, Tom was the victim of a sex fallacy, something which had no basis in fact. Submitting to this fallacy, he had come to believe that his youthful habit of self-gratification had made him prematurely impotent, that at long last he was being punished for his past "sins." Convinced that his imagined impotence was ordained by some divine authority, Tom had a sense of impending doom, ruminated endlessly about all past wrongdoings, real or imagined. Yet, it was all really quite unnecessary, for with a little bit of knowledge Tom might easily have understood that all men, young or old, undergo transitory impotence. What is more important, is the man's state of mind toward his temporary infirmity. Dr. Frank Caprio, famed Washington, D. C. psychiatrist, states: "The harboring of a sexual fallacy can cause a man to be impotent."

Noted British author and authority, Dr. Kenneth Walker, in his renowned book *Psychology of Sex* states that three out of every four men treated for psychological impotence either had no sex education at all or else were raised in homes where sex was regarded as "dirty" or "evil." Commenting about psychological impotence, Dr. Karl Menninger, one of America's foremost psychoanalysts, states: "Impotence as a transitory symptom is an almost universal experience. Psychological impotence, partial or complete is much more frequent than is generally known or assumed..."

Drs. Abraham and Hannah Stone, completing a monumental study on this subject, conclude that sexual impotence occurs in about 10 per cent of American men before the age of fifty; that another 15 per cent of married men tend to frustrate their spouses with inadequate erections, poor sex urge. In turning to the famous Dr. Albert Ellis for his comments on this very vital topic, we take note of this observation: "My own estimate, from detailed questioning of many hundreds of male and female clients and friends, is that probably three out of four American men are much less sexually competent than they theoretically could be."

It can be seen that a good deal of the mental turmoil due to psychological impotence is really quite unnecessary. Most men are far more

potent, virile than they can ever begin to imagine. Because of his complex emotional makeup, the mind of the ordinary man can act as a sort of controlling valve, governor, opening and closing sexual virility, depending upon the mood, circumstances, mental attitude, inhibitions.

When faced with an ego shattering problem, a man can readily be on the road to overcoming it if he is willing to assume certain basic attitudes about himself. Pride should not prevent him from admitting his fears to himself, that he is frightened, that there is nothing wrong, unmanly about being scared. Once off to a good start, it would do well for a man to keep an open mind about the facts of sex, that there is a lot he doesn't know, that if he is to overcome his handicap, he must be prepared to learn more, and from the right sources, people who are qualified to know, not some glib amateur.

A VERY SOCIAL WORKER INDEED

(Continued from page 60)

did, he wanted to keep right on going. But he couldn't move. He heard his voice croak, "Miss Howe" and then she was turning, smiling and saying, "Yes, hello—" and then recognition hit her.

She kept right on smiling until the head waiter left. Then she began to laugh. Still stupefied, Allerton stared at her. Then when she looked at him again and kept right on laughing, he started to smile. Then he too was laughing. It took the appearance of a sombre and curious waiter to stop them.

"I need a good one," Allerton said, "A king-size martini for me. How about you, Rosie?"

"Vodka martini," she said from behind her handkerchief. She was laughing again.

When the waiter had gone, she said, "Well, it is a form of public relations."

"The most basic," Allerton agreed. "But what about the charity committee?"

"I c-can't," she choked out through her laughter. "Not till I have a drink."

But after she finished her martini, she rose and said, "Let's go over to my place. I'll tell you the story over a good martini."

Fifteen minutes later Allerton was sitting on the floor of her tastefully furnished living room, a hassock against his back, a masterpiece of a martini in his hand, an enthralled expression on his face as he stared at Rosalind (he preferred her as Rosalind).

She was in something more com-

In opening his eyes to the reality about sex, and what it can mean to him, his life, his happiness, he must be prepared to realize that many of his faulty ideas may have come from parents who knew practically next to nothing about the subject. Questioning the wisdom of their attitudes does not mean disloyalty to parents.

Keeping this in mind, it might do well to heed the sagacious words of Dr. Albert Ellis when he very cannily states: "But man does not live for physical well being alone, but for psychological and emotional satisfactions as well. All human acts, in fact, appear to be psychophysical ones, involving the total individual or organism." There can be no doubt that a man's state of well being can be greatly enhanced through a satisfactory sex life. But just how a man is prepared to assume this responsibility, emotionally at any rate, will eventually decide if he will ever come to know what sex means to a real man.

fortable but she hadn't slipped into it—she'd squirmed into it. Allerton had trouble concentrating on what she was saying though she certainly had an interesting story to tell.

"And then after Roger died," she was saying. "I found out the lovable rascal was right on the edge of bankruptcy. His insurance was enough to take care of me—if I lived like a hermit. Is there a feminine for hermit? Well, not a hermit either. Actually I had enough for a pretty nice way of life but it would mean I had to give up my charity work. And with Roger gone, that was everything. So I called your city greeter shall we call him and I joined the ranks. But unlike the other girls I lavish all my earnings on charity."

"Very commendable," Allerton applauded. Then he sat up quickly. "Why you're a veritable..."

She held up her hand as her nose wrinkled in complaint.

"Don't say it. I know all about it. And I don't have a bow and arrow. And the local Sheriff of Nottingham is so well paid he's no trouble at all."

Now Allerton was on his feet and was bowing to her. "I'm afraid I can't stay around Sherwood much longer, but I would like to serve as one of your Merry Men."

She put her glass down and came over to him, took his hand and led him toward her bedroom. At the doorway she stopped, looked up and said, "Little John, perhaps?"

"Never," he smiled reassuringly.

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CHANGING FACE OF THE LONDON TART

(Continued from page 31)

can do!"

But it was Soho that cornered the lion's share of the cash-and-carry sex market. Not only were most of the strip-joints located in the area, but the seamier side of London nightlife thrived within the district's limits. The addition of the girls in vast numbers heightened Soho's pace to fever-pitch—and once again, the world gossiped about London vice.

There were even some Englishmen who noticed it.

"Soho is Europe's worst vice spot!" thundered Lord Morrison in the House of Lords. Lord Morrison was then Britain's chief movie censor, and he knew what he was talking about...

A new brand of racketeer began moving in on the world of London's vice. Property manipulators—like the late Peter Rachman—knew a good business proposition when they saw one.

They started operating and moved right in—to Soho and Paddington—buying property for the express purpose of renting the rooms to bawds who needed bases for conducting their business. The prices charged for the sleazy rooms were naturally exorbitant—up to ten pounds (28 dollars) a day in Soho and even higher

in better districts!

But the girls could now afford such rents. They'd raised their own rates and could hold their own. What's more, many of them were now specializing—catering mostly to men with sexual perversions.

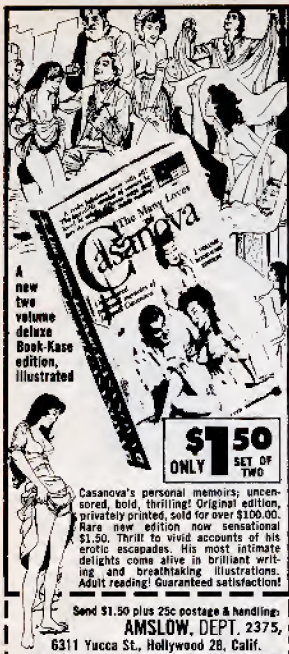
A lighted sign on a Soho staircase would read: "Model. One floor up. Specializes in lingerie."

To the innocent, the placard was merely to be read and understood at face-value; to the knowing, the girl waiting upstairs was the answer to a fetishist's fevered desires...

"Strict disciplinarian," another sign would proclaim in Paddington—to the hip pervert this meant that the whore who had posted the placard would beat and whip him at so much per stroke.

As the tarts and trollops of the Foggy City re-established their working patterns, places and prices, a new—and hitherto completely unknown—figure appeared on the London sex-scene: the call-girl.

There had been no reason for her to exist before. When sex was for sale on the open street, a call-girl was something Londoners had perhaps read about in the newspapers. She was someone who lived in New York, a strange creature they couldn't



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quite picture.

That may well be one of the reasons that few people seemed to be aware of the call-girl's emergence and growing numbers in the British capital. And those who knew were in on the game.

Naturally, they weren't talking. Then came the scandal of '69—the notorious "Profumo Affair" that rocked the empire to its foundations and is already an unsavory chapter in English history. Christine Keeler became the most talked-about tart in town; the places, practices and names, names, names filled the newspapers every day.

Mandy Rice-Davies, at that time a well-experienced 18-year-old, boasted of the cars, jewels and furs her dead lover, property man Peter Rachman had showered upon her. Christine Keeler's story sold to the newspapers for \$80,000. Behind the revelations of depravity and perversion was the blinding glitter of barrels of gold.

Details of the high-priced debauchery filled the columns of newspapers all over the world. Reports of court cases vied with personal interviews for sheer wealth of clinically detailed sexuality and perversion.

Vicky Barrett, a 22-year-old brunette who was one of osteopath Dr. Stephen Ward's proteges, was asked in court about certain sexual practices. In particular, she was questioned on the price men paid for the beatings and whippings she administered as part of her stock in trade.

"A pound (\$2.80) a stroke," was her cool reply to the crowded courtroom.

The truth was poked into the open by those who talked and by the yellow press. The London call-girl, operating mainly in the top echelons of Society, was well versed in the twists and perversions of aberrant sexual practices. The city's vice could no longer be sloughed off as something that happened only among the "lower classes." Even ritzy Mayfair was obviously wallowing in it up to its bejewelled ears.

The Keeler-Ward-Profumo affair churned and boiled for many months. Then it started to become stale. Profumo was out, Ward committed suicide and Christine was slated for a jail sentence. Not, as it happens, for being a call-girl, but for obstructing the truth in a court of law.

However, the calm didn't last.

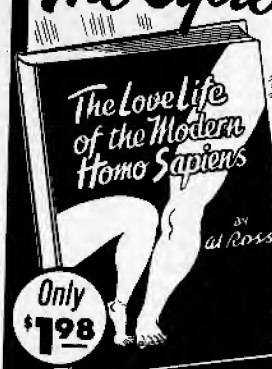
In November, 1963, another scandal blew sky-high.

"Pocket Venus Commits Suicide!" screamed the headlines — and the call-girl racket in London was once again stripped naked for the public view. And—again—it became evident there had been yet other changes in the face of the London tart.

Raven-haired Julie Molley, known in call-girl circles as the "Pocket Venus," was found dead in a country

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house not far from the sin-cottage once occupied at Cliveden by Dr. Stephen Ward. Petite, voluptuous, with dark flashing eyes, Julie was only 24 when she died. Although confusing statements were issued at the time her body was discovered, her death was eventually listed officially as a suicide, caused by an overdose of sleeping pills.

For three weeks, the story of Julie Molley filled the English publications. All of a sudden, the subject was dropped—but by that time, enough information had reached the public to give it an even clearer picture of the corruption, vice and total degeneracy that roils beneath London's smooth facade.

Literally thousands of lewd photographs were found to have been in the dead girl's possession. The photos were of Julie Molley—and other girls in wanton and pornographic poses with wealthy and prominent men whose faces and names caused London police to seize the vast collection immediately. The obscene poses and postures shown in the photos gave full proof to Julie Molley's brief career: she had been a call-girl who specialized in the perverted, the bizarre, the totally depraved.

The Pocket Venus was still in her teens when she first arrived in London.

"I met her briefly at a coffee bar when she'd only been in London a few months," says Maureen G., now a salesgirl in one of the city's largest department stores. "We were both newcomers—but even then, she was different. I was happy I'd been able to get a job in a factory. Julie wanted nothing like that. She told me she was aiming high."

Within a very short time, the black-haired beauty's "high" aims began to pay off. Penniless when she first arrived in the city, Julie Molley soon showed outward signs of increasing affluence. She acquired an expensive, high-powered sports car and always had a purseful of five-pound notes.

To the cognoscenti, her suddenly-extensive wardrobe was indicative of her paraphiliac sexual specialties. Shiny black raincoats, high-heeled boots and black leather coats filled her closets—all of them the paraphernalia desired by the sexual perverts to whom she catered.

Julie also built up a vast collection of whips and canes. She had equipped herself with a numerous assortment of off-beat and outré apparatus, thus giving her ever-widening circle of clients a full selection from which to choose.

"They're all specialists, these days," was the biting observation made by a Fleet Street reporter who covered both the Keeler and the Molley cases. "One has a whip collection, the next goes in for the binding and tying-down perversion. A third and fourth

work together—troilistic acts only. The straight, sex-on-the-level tarts must be starving to death!"

But Julie Molley's exotic talents didn't stop with sadism. She was also a dispenser of drugs and aphrodisiacs, both of which she took herself. And, as the evidence piled up, yet a third facet of the Pocket Venus came into lurid view.

Julie, who had been all things to sexually twisted men, was also an instrument of sexually twisted cultists. An avid dabbler in Black Magic, it was discovered Julie had frequently officiated at weird and depraved witchcraft rites. During the bizarre ceremonies, her naked body would be used as the "altar" over which obscene incantations were chanted in unison by all those attending the black mass.

Black magic ceremonials inevitably culminate in wild, drug-soaked mass orgies—and the Pocket Venus was much in demand for such affairs.

Julie Molley was only one girl—but she represented hundreds, perhaps thousands, of post-Christine Keeler bawds. Thus, the former image of the London tart became obliterated from the public mind.

Gone was the cheap-looking, over-painted whore; a far more sophisticated picture had taken her place. The scruffily sordid was displaced by the totally depraved—but the face itself was sleeker, prettier, smoother and, above all, much younger.

Just what effect has this changing image had on the ranks of London's prostitutes?

Contrary to those who thought the scandals would frighten the tyros away, girls from all over the British Isles are pouring into London-town.

"After all," argues a pretty, fresh-faced blonde from Birmingham, "Mandy was getting jewels and cars when she was seventeen. I'm getting a late start."

The girl speaking is just eighteen. There are hordes of young women like her in London today.

Dazzled by the glitter of possible riches, mistaking notoriety for genuine fame and magnetically attracted by the thought that they, too, may be able to latch onto a rich and influential man—the girls are flocking to the city. Stephen Ward may be dead—but there are other men to play his role. The girl whose beauty outweighs her brain figures that all she needs to do is discard all inhibitions, go to London—and cater to the aberrant, the twisted, the perverted. This, she thinks, will bring her all the riches she will ever need . . .

All in all, it adds up to wilder, weirder—and above all more abundant cash-and-carry sex than ever before.

And, obviously, that's just the way that London—and Londoners—like it and want it!

LITTLE BLACK BOOK

(Continued from page 22)

name was a number—the amount of money given her. It was a fastidious piece of bookkeeping. . .

She grabbed the book, saying, "I must write your name absolutely correctly; and then I will have my first American with a Russian name. All the allies from the war—and all my paying lovers! So, please, how do you spell your name, Monsieur Ros-kolenko?"

We were kissing instead, and she was saying a few minutes later, "Love is a very good exercise, no? You see how strong my body is—feel! Love cleans out all the blut—like a *Wapurgisnacht*. It makes the back, the bottom—everything very strong, no? You are very strong—very!"

If it was strength through joy, I could not tell from her sounds and her actions. For she was suddenly

reaching for the tape measure hanging from the tailor's dummy, and she was exclaiming, getting at my pants with great industry. . .

"If not a suit, then I can make sport trousers. I am a very good tailor. It will cost, well, not so much money. . ."

And there I was, and I was saying, "Now I begin to understand your expiation. You only like the allies, and the prices they pay for your various services. How noble, Fraulein Baully, a small artist from Munich. . ."

The tailor's dummy fell over in her sudden movements. The book of photographs joined the dummy—then the address book, which she threw to the floor to clear the couch. . . and more than her tape measure was at my pants. ●

LOVE, HONOR AND OBIE

(Continued from page 12)

such ecstasy, I just have to moan, or groan, or sigh—or die!"

Anyhow, she managed to stay alive. It was I who died. Nightly.

I don't know what it was that gave me the idea. It doesn't matter. I only know that, one evening after the usual close-but-no-cigar session, I remarked, "By the way, I've decided to get a pet, myself. I think cats are great, and that's what I've decided to get—a great cat. Is that okay with you and, uh, Obie?"

It was okay. Cheramy said Obie got along just fine with cats. We would have a ball together, the four of us!

Sure we would.

I called Cheramy a few days later and told her I'd meet her in Central Park. I would introduce her and Obie to my new cat. We'd have a ball. The four of us.

They were standing on the other side of Cleopatra's Needle, the big obelisk, when we came upon them suddenly—me and Simba.

What happened then will, I suspect, be told in song and story from Gracie Mansion to Hell's Kitchen, from Herman's Bottle Club in Harlem to the 43rd Street Noddy's, for as long as men have mouths to speak with, and ears to hear with, and chicks to tell the truth with or lie with.

As soon as Obie turned around and spotted Simba, who is a 300-pound lion, he gave the most gawd-awful howl heard since the Hound of the Baskervilles and tore off toward San Francisco. It's a good thing Cheramy

let go of his inch-thick leash or she would have been yanked into orbit.

And Simba—whom I had borrowed from a classmate who became a vet at the Central Park Zoo because he was very docile and cat-housebroken (Simba was, I mean)—took one look at Obie, wheeled about with a roar like he'd just sighted an obese Christian at the Circus Maximus and galloped in the direction of Mecca.

Knowing Simba was harmless, despite the distraught screams of startled passersby, I rushed to the aid of Cheramy. We finally found Obie, shivering in terror, huddled on a second floor ledge on C. P. West, onto which he had leaped. After that, with newspaper photographers and policemen in the van, we cornered an equally terrified Simba atop a 250-foot crane.

We appeared on the late news, that night, and on Today, next morning.

The following evening materialized out of an eventful day. A phone call had assured me that Miss Cheramy Kelly would by all means be delighted to welcome me at her pad at nine-ish, sharp. I promised to be real sharp. The reason I didn't say no, to hell with you Miss Kelly, is that she said Obie was no longer a part of her life. "I saw my analyst this afternoon," said Cheramy, "and he explained the Obie bit. You see, sweetie, I've been afraid of sex all this time and never suspected it! What do you know about that? I mean, I like the anticipation and

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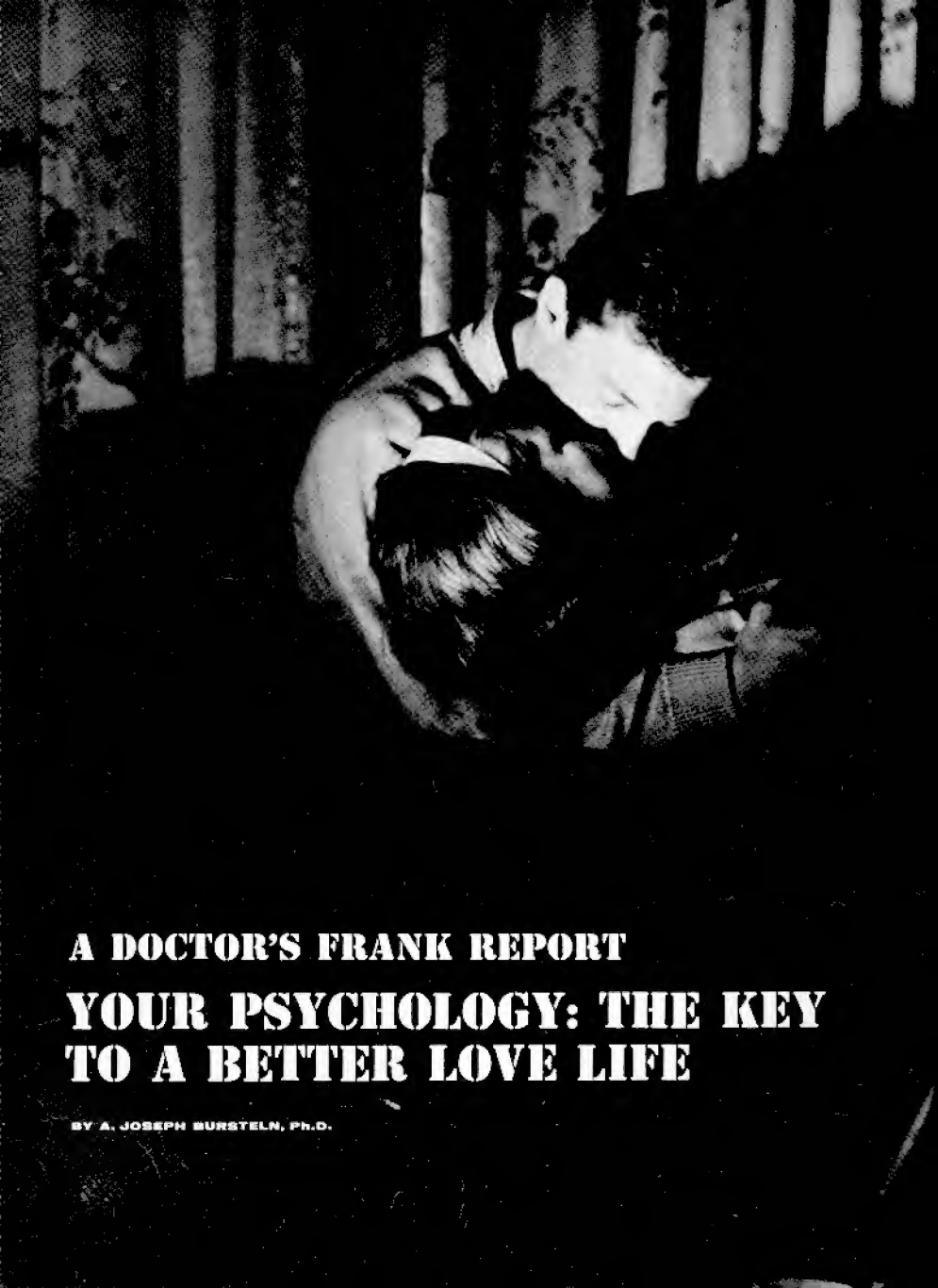
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all, and I like the foreplay and — well, I've just had this unconscious fear of the real thing. So that, to make sure nothing really happened, I used all sorts of tricks and devices for protection. Like Obie. I made sure he was always there to interrupt whenever things boiled over. You know what I mean?"

I said I did. Two goddam years! "So," said Cheramy, "my analyst told me that when your lion scared Obie away, it snapped the cord, like, and I no longer needed his protection. To make a long story short, doll—come on up tonight. We won't waste time with dinner."

I suppose eight-forty-five can be called nine-ish because that's as long as I could wait. I burst into the apartment and hugged her so passionately that, had we been wearing raincoats, we'd have been vulcanized together.

Cheramy didn't waste any time. She was obviously as eager as I was. Eagerer. After all, I had been waiting only two years; with her, it was an entire lifetime. On the way to the couch, I noticed, in one corner of the room, that something had been added to the decor. A bird cage.

Cheramy said, "Oh—I simply had to replace Obie with something. I mean, I'd got so used to having company—"

I gestured impatiently. "Okay,

okay, forget it—I don't care if you've got a king vulture in there—so long as he minds his own silly business. Now—!"

This time, she didn't even fool with any split skirt nonsense. There was just a lovely soft negligee between me and my lovely soft Cheramy—and after one tick and a tock there was no more negligee. And now there could be no possible doubt whatsoever:

This was it.

"Okay, Mac—that's enough! Polly wants a crack at 'er! AWRK!"

Need I go on? Would I be excused from both a legal and psychological standpoint had I hurled cage, parrot and Cheramy from the ninth-floor window? Because, no — she would not cover the cage or put it in another room: Polly would be lonesome and screech her itty bitty lungs out. She was terribly sorry, but, well, maybe next time—

That was last night. I told her we were finished. But, what the hell, I love the chick and that's the whole thing about it. I mean, I'm going to call her as soon as I finish writing this, and I'm going to ask her to come over to my pad. It's the first time in two years that I thought of it.

Wish me luck.



"I'll give it you straight—you're dead."

THEY'RE JUST GIRLS WHO CANT SAY NYET

(Continued from page 54)

"Can I help it if I love mature men?" she murmured.

"Mature, da," the policeman said witheringly, "but this one is overripe!"

However, both parties being of age, the ceremony was performed. Within three months the groom was dead and the bride was back at the Bureau of Marriages with a young man in tow. The officer recognized her.

"Now are you ashamed?" he asked. "Not at all," was the reply. "My husband died a happy man."

Many aging lovelorn Russians of both sexes are hoodwinked this way. Others, however, go along for more practical reasons. Thus a 60-odd-year-old maiden lady admitted she had finally up and married a lad a third her age because the ration books he and the girl who moved in with him brought along enabled her to purchase certain luxuries. Another woman who consented to such a union admitted later that one of the conditions had been that the young man turn over all his food coupons to her. Then, in order to eat, he made love to her in order to have the coupons doled out back to him.

Oldsters aren't the only ones profiting by the shortage of loving space in Moscow. Occasionally, a young person whose parents have died will be overlooked by the Bureau of Housing and be left the sole occupant of a flat. Igor Petromkin was one of these lucky ones, and the way in which he parlayed his good fortune career-wise constitutes a Russian version of the hilarious Academy Award winning American movie, "The Apartment."

Like the hero of the film, Igor was a low-echelon office-worker. However, where the celluloid hero worked for a large business corporation, Igor was employed by the Department of Sewers of the city of Moscow. An ambitious lad, Igor's chance to rise in the Soviet Sewer hierarchy came when his immediate supervisor borrowed the key to his apartment one night for a liaison with a willing stenographer.

One liaison led to another, and one supervisor followed another, with the result that Igor received one rapid promotion after another. Pretty soon he was the proud possessor of a key to the executive Sewer suite. However, Igor's bubble burst when the wife of one of his superiors followed her spouse to Igor's apartment one night and caught him with a nubile Ninotchka. In the ensuing scandal, Igor's rise was traced to his apartment. He was deprived of his private quarters and demoted to the drainage department.

In the quest for love-nests, one

group in Moscow has an edge over all other young people. These are the foreign exchange students who are assigned on a two-to-a-room basis to the more recently constructed housing units. Most of these are young males, and with the edge their housing facilities give them over the native Muscovite men, they attract females like the Volga does boatman.

A few months back this resulted in the incident which lay behind the rioting of African exchange students and their pitched battle with police in the streets of Moscow. What happened was that a Russian girl having an affair with an Arab student became pregnant. The young sheik, a true Arabian knight, did right by our Bolshevik Nell and married her. The pair went off to Araby on their honeymoon, and in the ordinary course of events the incident would have been forgotten.

It might have been, had it not been for the fact that a while later Pravda splashed an expose all over its pages which purported to prove that the blushin' Russian bride had been sold into harem slavery. Accusations and denials flew back and forth between the Afro-Arab nations and the Russian Foreign Ministry until the aforementioned riots made front page headlines around the world.

In reporting the story, there can be no doubt that Pravda was fulfilling its function as a government propaganda agency. It's important to realize this, because the original expose was only the kick-off piece in a still-continuing series of attacks leveled against the "increasing laxity of morals among our Russian youth."

In these articles, a constant stress is placed on the harm which free-wheeling sex is doing in all areas of Russian life. According to Pravda, the extent to which Russian youth is going sex-crazy, has affected factory production, interfered with the harvest, caused an increase in college drop-outs and indirectly harmed the whole economy. In the wake of these charges, the Russian government enforces a variety of anti-sex bans.

Such enforcement has only served to bring to light the many oddball means by which Russian youth is fighting back. For instance, a recent performance of the Bolshoi Ballet was interrupted when Leningrad police forced their way into a box rented by a young couple who were using it as a bedroom. Two other couples were apprehended in the home furnishings section of GUM, Moscow's largest department store.

Nor are indoor plays the only ones used in the anti-government campaign to continue doing what comes naturally. Despite the sub-zero Rus-

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sian weather, outdoor lovemaking techniques have been worked out. One peasant, taking his lead from the Moscow apartment-lender, made a good thing out of taking his covered wagon from village to village and renting it out to young lovers.

And a young couple proved there's more to troika-riding than meets the eye in a scandal that rocked the government of the Soviet Socialist Republic of the Ukraine. The maiden involved was the daughter of the Minister of Agriculture, and the man was a Captain in an honor guard unit of the Red Army. Their daily troika rides seemed to blend in perfectly with the pastoral landscape and were thought to be quite innocent.

Then one day they were stopped by an officer new to the district who had been instructed to check all vehicles for black market contraband. Before the Captain could argue him out of it, the officer had thrown back the heavy bearskin rug tucked around the torsos of the troika passengers. So it was discovered that while the couple were covered in fur garb to their waists, below that point they had been relying on only the rug and their own activity to keep them warm. The rest of their furry gar-

ments lay in a pile on the floorboard of the troika.

Meanwhile, back in the cities, the apartment setup is having yet another unlooked for sexual result. Apartments, shared by married couples are turning out to be instruments fomenting adultery at the same time that the crowded conditions are putting the kibosh on young love.

What has happened is that in many cases the work schedules foul up marital relations because the husband is on the day-shift and the wife on the night-shift. Often this is further complicated by the fact that mis-matched spouses find themselves home at the same time. Frustrated as they are, it's only natural that they should play house for real. The consequence is that on top of all its other sex troubles, the Russian government is facing an epidemic of wife-swapping.

Red leaders are fighting this as they are battling all the other sex disturbances rocking the People's Utopia. But, as we said, it's losing the war. Naturally. When politicians try to truss up sex with Red tape, it figures that the Politburo makes strange bedfellows!

HOW TO BE A SNOB

(Continued from page 43)

The best specimen yet was obtained last year by a Master two-upsmen from Seattle, who paid a 3,000 lire—five bucks—fine in Venice for tossing an old Christmas tree into one of the canals. Naturally, he's got the receipt to prove it to anyone who can read Italian.

A runner-up is the Super-snob from Philadelphia who got a ten-dollar fine for spending a night sleeping soundly in the Great Pyramid outside Cairo.

Without doubt, the biggest impression a Master two-upsmen can make is with the gifts he gives. No, we're not talking about Rolls-Royces or diamond rings.

The winning gambit of all — the one that puts the two-upsmen firmly and forever in the Master class—doesn't have to cost much money. The snob can spend almost as little as he likes—and still achieve status on a fantastic scale.

The play involves giving shares of stock as gifts. Now the shares can be cheap ones—worth \$5, \$2, one dollar or even less apiece. The secret lies in buying them for himself first. He must have the shares in his own name.

Then—whether he's giving Christmas gifts to relatives or a birthday present to his favorite chick — he blandly announces that he's going to transfer a few shares of stock to the recipient.

"I really didn't know what to get you, so I decided to sign some of my Chowderhead Common over to you," he declares casually. "I've held a position in it for some time—and I think it has a great growth potential..."

So ten shares of Chowderhead common are only worth ten bucks—so what? The recipient is overwhelmed—and don't ever think that he or she isn't. If you don't believe it, invest a ten-spot in a few shares of low-priced stock and try the gimmick. But remember, buy it yourself—in YOUR name—and then TRANSFER it.

The impression you'll make will astound you. Whoever gets the stock will be sure that you're a king-sized wheeler-dealer, a Wall Street plunger with majority holdings in half a dozen Big Board companies.

Word will get around—and fast—and you'll have scored a major victory in the two-upsmanship snobbery campaign.

It's like we said at the beginning—the biggest, best and most successful snobs are self-made.

They play the game for the fun of it—and there isn't much, except sex, that beats it. But the Master two-upsmen knows that the successful snob is the one who gets the chicks as well as the status. And so, he usually kills two birds with one play.

He's a successful snob—he makes people like it and women love it.

What more could any guy want? ●

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Flip Side

Hello there! Haven't we met before?

Sure we have . . . I'm Kit Simmons, the
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cover why don't you flip once again?

You'll find me in living-end color
on page 24, in Do-It-Yourself-Kit.

Sex fears and
superstitions haunt
too many American
men, even into their
married lives, giving
rise to despair,
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futility. Confidence
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knowledge is the
antidote to a sick
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accompanying article
may save you much
worry and frustration.

MILLIONS of American men simply do not understand what sex means to a real man. Haunted by a tormenting sex neurosis, feelings of inferiority and fears, millions of such men daily seek the professional help of psychologists, psychiatrists, marriage counsellors. Pity such men, for they are the lamentable victims of ignorance, superstition and myths. Result: they're extremely unhappy. They are unable to find the key that opens the door to a full sex life.

Take the case of John W., 23, tall, with rugged good looks; married only three months, it soon occurred to him that unless he received professional help his marriage would end in a divorce. "I just don't understand it, Mary and I have been married these few months yet I just can't seem to get going with her sexually," he explained, worriedly. "My wife is real upset about the whole thing—but I guess you can say it's the arguments we have that get us real steamed up at each other," he added, looking perplexedly at the psychologist who was treating him.

"When did you first note that you were unable to have sex relations with your wife?"

"Gosh—I guess you'd say from the first night we got married. Since then it's been the same thing, night after night. We'd do our best to love and caress each other—and a lot of times I'd think I was ready to succeed, then all of a sudden I'd become useless. Yet, before I got married—well I just don't know many girls I had sex with, never had any trouble satisfying any of them. What happened all of a sudden—did my manhood just take off, disappear?"

John W's case is not unusual. He was suffering from a case of prolonged *wedding night impotence*, a condition that commonly afflicts newly wed bridegrooms. Exhausted by the wedding ceremony, the mirthful and prolonged celebration that followed, John and Mary were understandably tense and weary that first night alone together. Clumsily, uneasily, John attempted to consummate the sex act with his young wife, but soon retreated into embarrassed silence when he failed.

Having failed that first night, John's self-confidence suddenly vanished, causing him to feel fearful of a similar experience. And as his fears mounted, his impotence became progressively more marked, to the point where each night in the marital bed proved a harrowing, humiliating experience.

Of wedding night impotence, Dr. Le Mon Clark, noted sexologist, offers the theory that it is similar to "stage fright" in the male who is overcome by sudden fears, doubts as to his ability to satisfy his bride. Unknowingly, John W. on the evening of his wedding night asked himself: "Can I satisfy her like any other man could?" That he could not do so during their first night together, led him to believe that he wasn't as virile as other men. Thereafter, a near tragic vicious cycle was set into motion.

Other psychologists have compared wedding night impotence to experiences such as frightened actors or performers have known, such as suddenly forgetting their lines, losing their voices. After Dr. Alfred Kinsey completed his renowned study, he concluded that a great many of the cases of impotence in young (Cont. on p. 73)



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